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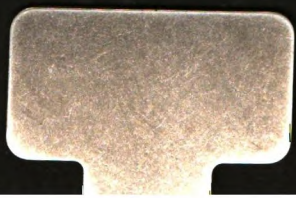
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FAMILY RECORDS.

BY

CHARLOTTE STURGE,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE

CHARLES ALLEN,

OF

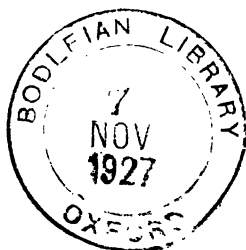
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MDCCCLXXXII.



P R E F A C E.

“That whole day they spent among the portraits and the family pictures, * * and learned the romance of a great house whose history has been preserved. It makes one weep to think how our middle-class people neglect their genealogies, so that they know nothing of their own people, and have no pride, and learn no lessons from the past. Cannot something be done, my friends? Can we not write the annals of our own generation, each for his own family, so that whatever the fate of our children and grandchildren, they, too, may feel that they have ancestors who lived, and loved, and hoped, and made a little success, perhaps, and died, and were forgotten, as they, too, in their turn, shall die?”

BESANT AND RICE.

FAMILY RECORDS.



MUCH interesting information in families is constantly lost through the neglect of their members to commit to writing the personal details connected with their private history. These would, in many cases, be very useful to those who come after, and in most would be instructive or amusing. There is scarcely an individual of middle or mature age who knows not of some history, or some anecdote connected with the early life of himself or his predecessors, which would be of interest to the generation then rising on the scene. As he becomes older, and one by one his elders have passed away, he is at last the only person who can recall these early family details, and at his death they are entirely lost ; often hardly even a tradition remains of what may be well worthy of record to the immediate descendants. In this way it comes to pass that, in most families, many of the branches can barely tell the names of their own grandparents, and if they know even as much as that, they have no idea what manner of people they were from whom they have descended ; their manners, their dispositions, their personal appearance, the hereditary tendencies which have been transmitted, are a perfect blank.

We cannot but think that this is a great disadvantage; for though few would be worthy of a published memoir, yet in every family it would surely be well to have some general private history of the ancestral line. It would often elucidate much that is strange, and show the source from which hereditary peculiarity has arisen. Abilities of a certain order, or defects of some special kind, would be clearly traced to ancestors who had gone before, whether direct or collateral; and the progress of disease, or its unexpected appearance in some distant member, would be accounted for if the antecedent history of the family could be known. So, partly that it may possibly be useful, and partly that it may be interesting, I propose to gather together a few of the details with which I happen to be acquainted, respecting the former history of my family. And as my own name was originally Allen, I will commence with that branch.

Settled at Thorpe Salvin, in Yorkshire, but not a native of that place, was William Allen, my Ancestor in the fifth degree, and from him came my Great Grandfather, William Allen, who was born on 11th February, 1730. He came to London from Thorpe Salvin, when quite a young man, and settled there in business. I know nothing of the way in which he at last became a brewer in the East End of London, nor how he became acquainted with the Society of Friends, but he must have joined it soon after his settlement in London. A sister, named Elizabeth, must have also come about the same time, for she lived with him and kept his house, and also became a Quaker, afterwards marrying a Friend named Prior. Of this sister a not very pleasing story is related, showing that she must have been of a severe and arbitrary disposition.

After he was settled in business, William Allen was married

to Ann Birkead, my Great Grandmother, 12th October, 1752, and when the time came for him to present his credentials before his Monthly Meeting, preliminary to their marriage, he wrote to his parents to obtain their formal consent, in accordance with the rules of our Society in that respect. To his surprise and annoyance no reply reached him, and day after day went over without his having the desired consent. At last he wrote to his father again, and in due time received a letter from his parents stating that they had sent him the necessary document when he first applied for it. On hearing this he enquired of his sister whether she knew anything about it, when she reluctantly drew from her pocket the missing paper. The crafty woman had quietly suppressed it, in displeasure at his marrying at all and so displacing her as his housekeeper.

William Allen's married life was not of long continuance, for his wife died in 1759, leaving three children, Priscilla, Ann, and John. He retired from business after realizing some property, and lived at Ware, in Hertfordshire. He was a much esteemed minister among Friends, and died on the 15th October, 1808, at the age of 79, and was buried at Ware. It is related of him that, even at that age, he had never lost a tooth, a testimony to the good health he must have enjoyed and the regular life he must have led.

A singular circumstance occurred at the time of his death, which happened suddenly in the night, he having retired to rest apparently as well as usual, and being found dead in bed in the morning. About five miles from where he lived, an old and intimate friend resided, named Special West, also a minister well known at the time among Friends. In the middle of the night Special West awoke his wife and said to her, "My dear! William Allen is dead." She

asked him how he could possibly know that ? To which he replied, "I saw him crowned." She naturally expressed some doubt of his knowledge of the fact, but he persisted in the truth of his assertion, and so fully did he believe in his impression that, after having breakfasted the next morning, he set off to walk to Ware to enquire after his friend. Arrived midway, he met a young man on horseback, who on seeing him, at once pulled up and said, "I was riding over to thy house, Special West." "Yes," said the latter, "I know what thou art coming for. Thou art coming to tell me that thy grandfather is dead." In extreme surprise, William Miller replied, "How could'st thou possibly know that ? for we have only just discovered it ourselves ; Martha (the servant) found him dead in bed this morning, and he was quite well when he went to his room last night." "Oh," said Special West, "I saw him crowned," and then related what had passed in the middle of the night. There is no doubt of the accuracy of this story, which I give without comment.

Before I leave the account of my Grandfather, I will relate an anecdote of a favourite parrot which they had. He was very fond of imitating the men who, at that time, frequented the streets, crying out "Old clothes—Old clothes," and on a certain Sunday he began his usual cry ; when Martha said to him "Polly must not call 'Old clothes' on Sunday." The creature immediately changed his note and said "Old rags,"—to the great amusement of those present.

William Allen's daughter Ann married a Friend named Miller, in 1777, but soon died, leaving one son and one daughter, William and Esther. William married Fanny Vaux, a woman of great mental power, by whom he had several children, and their eldest son, William Allen Miller,

became M.D., F.R.S., and Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London, and in that science attained to great eminence. He died suddenly after attending the Meeting of the British Association in 1869, aged 52. Esther married Robert Jermyn and left a son, Robert, and a daughter, Emily.

Priscilla, William Allen's eldest daughter, married William Knight of Chelmsford, in 1782, and became the mother of seven children, all of whom died childless. She was a very singular woman, combining unusual strength of mind with great eccentricity of character, of which she gave many proofs. I remember seeing her, when a child, and was astonished at her odd appearance. She was then a widow and more than 70 years of age, with a very plain face, rendered more peculiar by straggling, ill-kept, grey hair, and patches of black plaister on her cheeks. The latter were fixed under her eyes in order to counteract a weakness of the muscles of her under eyelids and prevent them from closing up over the eyes. She wore a Quaker muslin cap not too carefully put on, and a large wrapping gown of some stuff material, girt round the waist with a cord and reaching to her feet. She lived with a son and daughter in a rustic cottage home in the outskirts of Chelmsford, and when my father and mother, with one or two of us, pulled up to call on her, as we drove past, she came to the front door and stood in the porch, which was covered with climbing plants ; and as the leafy trellis work closed round her like the framework of a picture, she looked, to my childish eyes, like a hermit of the middle ages emerging from his cell.

I have said that Priscilla Knight was a clever woman but very eccentric. It was doubtless a hereditary tendency, for we have seen it exemplified in her aunt, when suppressing her brother's letter, and it also appeared more or less in her

own children. She was a trying wife to a kind and long-suffering husband, and a severe mother to her children, who stood much in awe of her. She had some singular ways of managing, an example of which was shown on one occasion when, with two of her children, she was on a visit at the house of her brother (my grandfather). One day the housemaid, having lost her broom, was unable, after much searching, to discover it anywhere, and was at last almost in despair of finding it, when one of the family chanced to go into the room where the two little Knights had been put to sleep, and observing a strange lump in the middle of the bed, she found, on looking under the mattress, that the missing broom was there. Great surprise was expressed at the circumstance, but Priscilla Knight, on hearing of the wonder that she had caused, quietly said that she did not like her children to touch each other when in bed, so she placed the broom handle between them to keep them apart. This peculiar lady lived to a good old age, and died of dropsy, from which she suffered for some years.

Priscilla, her eldest daughter, was a person of powerful intellect, but died early, at about 26 or 27. She was the very intimate friend and cousin of my Aunt Hannah Allen, some letters of both of whom to each other I possess.

William, her eldest son, lived till middle age and died single, of stone in the bladder. After retiring from business he devoted himself to art, being a painter in water colours of by no means small merit. He was lame, and ungenial to children, with whom he was not a favourite.

Job, the second son, died young, in 1819, of some complicated internal complaint. He also had some taste as an artist.

Ann, the second daughter, was a character indeed. She

had a masculine intellect, but overlaid with great peculiarity and eccentricity. She occupied herself with work of a philanthropic nature, being for many years a warm supporter of Anti-Slavery effort. After the Abolition of Slavery in the English Colonies she spent a large part of her time in Paris, labouring to assist philanthropic people there who were working for the cause of Abolition in the French Dominions. Her appearance was very singular. She was of the middle height, and rather stout when I knew her, with massive features and a countenance expressive of power. She had a rich, persuasive voice, and her manners, though plain, were attractive and, from long residence abroad, slightly foreign. She dressed in black and as a plain Quaker, with a bonnet of the strictest conformity, flowing dress and shawl ; a large outside bag or pocket of black silk hung at her side, suspended from her waistbelt, in which she kept a quantity of papers, which were produced as she required them in conversation. She lived in Paris for some years, in apartments which were rented there by Friends, and used as a place where all transactions connected with the Society were carried on ; and in one of the rooms an occasional meeting for worship was conducted when any Friends were in Paris. She was a well known character there, and as she dressed in so singular a manner, she was generally looked on by the French as a *religieuse* of some order of nuns. From time to time she came over to visit her friends in England.

After a while Ann Knight changed the object of her energetic efforts, and was one of the first pioneers in the cause of the "Rights of Women." How she was led to take it up is not very clear, but as some of the most energetic female Abolitionists in America were also strong advocates of the

enfranchisement of women, and as she was doubtless in close communication with them, it is probable that from them she first imbibed these views.

At that time (1840-1850) the subject had scarcely been broached on this side of the Atlantic, so that when we first heard Ann Knight deliver her strong opinions in favour of "Women's Rights," it appeared to most as if she were little better than a ranting enthusiast. Her denunciations were tremendous, and her prophecies of what women must some day do and be were almost like wild ravings. Had she lived to this day she would have rejoiced to see how far her desires have been fulfilled, and will probably be yet further carried out.

Ann Knight became so thoroughly French in her habits and mode of living that when the apartments in Paris were given up she did not return to reside in her own country.

She was a great admirer of the life and character of Pastor Oberlin, and though he had long been dead, she was possessed with the desire to live in the neighbourhood where he had passed his life and ministry, in the Ban de la Roche, amongst the Vosges mountains. So she wended her steps thither, and in a village not far distant she took up her abode as a boarder in the family of its pastor, himself a grandson of the venerable Oberlin. There she lived for the last year or two of her life, and there she died suddenly of apoplexy, and was buried in that romantic spot. She died in November, 1862, aged 70.

During her residence in the village of Waldersbach Ann Knight devoted her energies and time to the care and benefit of the simple inhabitants of the district, and was much beloved by them and valued for her warm interest and kindly feeling on their behalf. It was while conversing with

some of her friends that a paralytic attack came on after partaking of the evening meal ; and though for a few days she appeared to be recovering from its effects, apoplexy supervened, which in a short time proved fatal. Her sister Sophia afterwards went to the place to see and thank the kind people among whom she had dwelt, and discharge any obligations that might have been incurred.

Maria, another daughter of Priscilla Knight, married John Candler, of Chelmsford, a refined and delightful man, of intellectual tastes and a good classical scholar. She was a woman of peculiarly sweet disposition, well fitted to be the wife of a man of warm impulsive feelings, which were, however, in after years, tempered by deep religious feeling and by his sound and discriminating judgment, so that he was both useful and influential among his friends and others. Maria Candler was perhaps less gifted than her sisters, but free from eccentricity though rather prim. They had no children, and lived in a pretty house of their own building, near Chelmsford. During the time of transition from slavery to freedom of the coloured people in the British West Indies, they made a long visit to those Colonies, in company with George William Alexander and his wife, in order to observe for themselves the state of the Negro population and report to the friends of abolition at home.

Some years after that John Candler felt it to be the duty of himself and his wife to offer themselves for the posts of Superintendents of the "Retreat for the Insane," at York, an Institution managed by and under the care of the Society of Friends. In consequence of this they left their delightful residence and took up their abode at York for several years, after which they again returned to Chelmsford. But my poor cousin had passed through much anxiety and distress

while living at the Retreat, owing partly to one or two narrow escapes of her husband from the attacks of patients while in a state of raving mania, partly to the depressing effect on the spirits of constant intercourse with those who are suffering from mental aberration ; and to these causes it was probably due that her own mind became affected, and at last she was taken back to York as a patient herself. There she died in 1870, a melancholy close of an otherwise calm and happy life.

Paul was the youngest son of Priscilla Knight, and as he was the favourite child of his mother, she never would allow him to go to school nor be separated from her during her lifetime. His naturally good abilities were in consequence completely crushed, and he led an odd and useless life with the family eccentricity in full force. He died a bachelor.

Sophia, the youngest of the family, lived till a good old age, unmarried. She also had artistic talent and some literary tastes. She outlived all her family, and passed the last years of her life in a pretty cottage *ornée* near Chelmsford, spending a good deal of her time in travelling and visiting, and at her death, which happened in 1871, that branch of the family ceased to exist.

It remains now to notice William Allen's only son, John Allen, my paternal Grandfather.

John Allen had his full share of ability and also some degree of eccentricity. His education must have been a good one for that time, as he was sufficiently proficient in Latin to enable him to keep his private memoranda in that language, though it was not of a very classical or pure style. He had a great desire that the spelling of English should become phonetic in character, and he persisted in writing

words as they sound, to the dismay of some of his friends ; but he was a man who had "the courage of his convictions," and persisted in carrying out his ideas. He was a kind and good husband, though rather arbitrary, and, from thoughtlessness, he would sometimes grieve his wife by his peculiarities. An example of this may be cited. On one occasion his wife, with the notable industry of the wives of a hundred years ago, had completed a set of new shirts for him and handed them over for use. But when they were brought to her after he had been absent on a journey from home, the poor lady was grievously disturbed to find that they had been cut off most mercilessly at the bottom, leaving uneven and ragged edges where they had before been neatly finished off. In some annoyance she enquired what could have happened to spoil his new shirts? On which he said that she had made them too long for him, and so he had cut them shorter with his penknife! Almost in tears she remonstrated strongly, telling him how much it distressed her for him to act in that way, adding that she would have altered them properly if he had only asked her to do so, but that now they were nearly or quite spoiled. His remorse was considerable at finding how he had pained her, but it was indicative of his singular mode of action. He would sometimes ordain that the children should go about barefooted, with the idea that it strengthened their feet and legs.

My Grandfather had great pleasure in driving out on short excursions in the country, and would suddenly announce in the morning that he was going off in the afternoon on a jaunt of a few days, telling his wife to pack up her things at once and accompany him ; and in this way many pleasant visits to the seaside and amongst their friends were accomplished. He had a fine and excellent horse called

Jumper, which took them on these occasions and was the favourite of the family, travelling fast and well with the two-wheeled vehicle then in vogue.

It was when returning home from one of these excursions in the country that my Grandfather began suddenly to whip his poor Jumper with great force, and urge him to a full gallop, while the flogging was still kept up. My Grandmother was terrified at such unusual conduct, and tried in vain to find out the cause. Not one word could she elicit in reply to her anxious questions ; he still flourished his whip and the horse still rushed on, till she began to fear that a sudden aberration of mind had seized him. But before long she discovered the reason of his strange conduct, and then she too was in equal alarm with himself ; for over the distant horizon was spread a terrific glow of fire, stretching across the spot where they believed their home to be, and giving rise in their minds to the most distressing apprehensions and to agonies of suspense, for house, children, and all belonging to them might be involved before they reached the spot. It was the awful fire of Ratcliff, when one hundred and fifty houses were burned, involving several streets in the neighbourhood where they lived. But, happily, no harm had happened to them, and they reached home to find all safe, though my other Grandfather, Samuel Harris, had his house and property completely destroyed.

John Allen was a man of sterling sense and good judgment, and his advice was frequently sought by his own connections and others. To his wife he was a kind, if rather eccentric husband, and he was a fond father to his children, who looked back on him with affection and reverence. He took great care of their education, and himself superintended his eldest daughter's progress in Latin and other branches of

learning, so that she became a superior and intellectual woman. His eldest son, my Father, was never sent to a boarding school but only to a day school near home ; pretty fair probably for that day, but what we should be little satisfied with now, though he was taught Latin and other branches of an ordinary education. Lewis, the younger son, was sent to what was then considered to be the best school in our Society, kept by Isaac Payne, at Epping, where most of the youth of our body, of the higher grade, were educated. All the daughters went to good schools ; Hannah, the eldest, at Milverton, in Somersetshire, to some ladies named Young, sisters, I believe, of Dr. Thomas Young, the scientific chemist and discoverer of the method of reading the Egyptian hieroglyphics, to whose memory a medallion was placed, after his death, in Westminster Abbey. These Misses Young (Quakers) were connected with the Sturges, and one, at least, was living at the time I married, for I remember that my aunt Hannah spoke of having visited her when once staying at our house. Eliza and Ann were sent to a school at Alton, in Hampshire, well esteemed at the time.

Some relics remain in my possession of the handiwork of all of them at school, principally samplers, laboriously and carefully worked. Poor little children ! One's heart aches over the toil and trial it must have been to produce these efforts of needlework ; toil for the little fingers plying the fine needles and thread, and trial to the eyes which had to count the stitches and reckon the threads of the material on which they were working, so that the inscriptions and marvellous designs should be fashioned in perfect order. Letters of the alphabet in diverse patterns, darning in different modes, to match the diapers and huckabacks or other stuffs which needed mending—even a most elaborate

and beautifully executed map of Europe—these are the memorials of their school career. Hannah never excelled in handicraft work, in which Ann, in particular, was an adept ; but her fine mind took delight in acquiring knowledge and in extensive reading, and in Latin, French, and in after years Hebrew, she was a fair proficient.

John Allen carried on the business of a brewer, from which his father had retired, and at the time of his death had realized good property, so that when he died, his widow and children were left in very comfortable circumstances. He built the house in which he lived, and there my Grandmother resided till her death, in 1826. I visited her there more than once, as a child, but the Blackwall Railway now runs over its site.

John Allen died in 1808, before his father, who also died in that year. His complaint was long and distressing, lasting through a whole winter, and arose, it was believed, from enlargement of the heart and dropsy on the chest, causing great suffering. Charles, his eldest son, was, at the time, a boy of 15 or 16, and being a mature youth, he took a large part of the nursing, for many months giving his regular share of attention to the poor patient at night. Thirty-one years after he died of the same disease, and was nursed by his daughters, assisting their distressed mother, through a terrible winter in France.

Viewed by the light of modern science now (1882), there is, I believe, little doubt that the primary cause of the illness from which my Grandfather and Father both suffered and died, was disease of the kidneys ; the distressing symptoms which accompanied it being only secondary in their nature. So little was known in the early part of this century, or even forty years ago, of these insidious complaints, that it was

considered, in both these cases, that the heart was the true seat of disease. Since that time so much has been discovered with regard to this, as also in the case of other maladies, that it is probable that neither of these valuable lives needed to be so early sacrificed, if the treatment of the present day had been available at that time. But the light of science was breaking even then, and before many years had passed after my father's death, the researches of Dr. Richard Bright had thrown a flood of clearness over these hitherto unknown diseases, and enabled him, and those who have come after him, to adopt measures which largely assist and palliate, if they do not in every instance effect a cure.

John Allen was 51 years old at the time of his death. He was a small man, and dressed as a plain Quaker of that period, with the cocked hat which was worn by Friends at that time. He was in advance of the people of his day in his devotion to the use of cold water and of ventilation, and would sometimes, on entering the apartment of a friend where he might be calling, walk straightway to the windows and open them, with the remark that the room was in need of fresh air ; and this he did before greeting the occupants. But as his peculiarity in that way was well known, it rarely gave offence.

William Allen, the philanthropist, F.R.S., and Lecturer on Chemistry at Guy's Hospital, was a first cousin of my Grandfather, though greatly his junior in age. My Grandfather was instrumental in helping him forward with his education, himself giving regular lessons, for a while, to the young cousin whose attainments and position were destined, at a future period, so far to outstrip that of his teacher. Thus there can be no doubt that John Allen contributed not a little towards laying the foundation of the after career of his young kinsman.

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At the time of John Allen's death, his family consisted of two sons and three daughters ; two others, George and Ann, having died when children, both of small-pox and at the same time. In those days, before the blessing of vaccination had mitigated the horrors of that dreadful disease, it was usual to practice what was called inoculation, and to give the complaint to children at a time when they were in good health and suited to go through the ordeal, thus inducing a mild form of the disease and affording a greater chance of complete recovery. Still, though the proportion of deaths was greatly reduced by this practice, there was no positive security that it might not be as violent and fatal as if taken in the natural way ; and as no one could ensure that his child would pass safely through it, even with the utmost precautions, there were not a few persons who conscientiously objected to risking the lives of their children by deliberately giving them an illness from which recovery would be doubtful.

My Grandmother was one of those who thus scrupled to have her children inoculated, and in course of time her three elder ones caught the disease. All had it severely, but the little George and Ann fatally, and both were buried in one grave. Still, even then, while grieving over her great trial, she adhered to her purpose and could not consent to have her succeeding children inoculated with the dire malady. Eliza, the next to be born, had it in after years very heavily ; she was blind for ten days, and though she escaped with her life she was disfigured ever after. The rest passed safely and mildly through.

Hannah, born in 1783, was, as I have elsewhere stated, a highly educated and superior woman ; though as compared with what is now considered a high education, it would fall short in some things. She was a person of enlarged and com-

prehensive mind, and as she advanced in life she kept pace with much that was going on in the world, and was an extensive reader. Politics, science, theology, all came under her notice, and to the last day of her life she took interest in passing events. She was especially fond of history, and wrote "A Compendium of Ancient History" for the young, which had a good sale at the time.

Philanthropic work occupied much of her time, and she actively co-operated in many societies for the benefit of others. In her early womanhood, she, in conjunction with a few other persons, was much impressed by the need there then was of homes for the reception and care of poor orphans; and with the help of two of her friends, an Institution was set on foot which has since developed into a large and useful agency for the purpose. A small house was engaged at the East end of London capable of taking in a few children, subscriptions were collected, and it was established as an "Orphan Asylum." It grew and prospered, influential patrons came forward, its means increased, and the number of little inmates was added to from time to time, till it expanded at last into the large building at Clapton, which bore the name of "The London Orphan Asylum." For many years my Aunt Hannah Allen was one of the hon. secretaries, while her sisters were on the Ladies' Committee; but it was finally removed from Clapton, and in an enlarged form, still exists in the neighbourhood of Watford. A sister Institution, on a similar plan, was called the "Infant Orphan Asylum," with which Ann, the youngest of the Allen sisters, was long connected.

Hannah Allen was a minister in the Society of Friends for many years, and though her preaching was generally short and not very frequent, yet it was so clear and "to the

point" that few heard her without feeling that her sermons were weighty in matter and clear in manner. Her mode of expression was terse and concise, and full of thought, and there was always a freshness of idea which fixed the attention of her hearers. She travelled much and had a large acquaintance, and she kept up a voluminous correspondence by letter with personal friends and on business matters. She was a large, stout woman, and dressed in the Quaker garb; of a bright, cheerful disposition and very social in character, indeed the home of herself and her sisters was the constant rendezvous of relations and friends. She gradually declined in health for the last few years of her life, and died on 12th April, 1867, aged 83.

The following extracts from the journal of Sarah Angell Fox may find a fitting place here:—

"In glancing down the vista of life, thy face, dear Aunt Hannah, seems to smile on me with others who, like thee, are now in Heaven.

"I remember her, my kind protecting Aunt, in my very early years, when she used to come down to stay with us in our pleasant country home at Coggeshall, and every recollection of her is endearing. Her sisterly love to my mother, between whom and herself existed, all through their life-time, a strong affection, beginning long before they became sisters,—the interest she always took in us children, and in all our little doings, her enjoyment of nature with us, her accompanying us in our visits to the seaside,—these, and multitudes of other things, link her with the remembrance of youthful days.

* * * * *

"I shall pass to 1862, when our dear Mother died, 29 June. It was a Sabbath morning, and instead of going else-

where my Aunt visited the chamber where the loved remains were lying. Then grief had way! 'Farewell, my precious sister for a little while! It will be not for long. I shall come to thee, we shall not be parted long. Farewell for a little while!'

"After my dear Mother's funeral the party all assembled, except myself (absent through illness), at the house where she had so often welcomed us, and a precious time they had together. Aunt Hannah seemed inspired with words of loving outpouring and counsel to the children of the dear departed. She began by saying that although she was not much in the habit of breaking the silence on these occasions, yet that she felt unable to refrain from a few words; that all those present were accustomed to meet together in that room, and remembered the sweet welcome of the dear one who was gone, and the pleasure she had in seeing them around her. She said that on looking down the vista of a long life, her image was constantly recurring; that she had known her in all her joys and in all her sorrows, which, as she knew, had not been few.

"She little expected to be the one that would follow her to the grave, but she felt that it would not be a long separation; and she earnestly called upon us all to follow our Lord, and to ever keep in view that we are pilgrims to another and a better country.

"Those who were privileged to hear her earnest tones will not soon forget. There was not a dry eye present, and one of her nephews said afterwards, 'If that was not inspiration, I know not what is.'"

Our Aunt Hannah's health had failed much for three or four years, and a severe attack of pneumonia, in 1866, though partially removed, left her in a feeble state of health, from which she never rallied entirely.

S. A. Fox's journal continues :

"On the evening of First-day, eighth of seventh month, 1866, I (calling) found her in the easy chair between her bed and the window, sweetly calm, and much interested in the account of the meeting I had just attended. She spoke of her failing strength with great composure, and added :

"‘I think I may say that all my life long I have been thinking of this time—its termination—and tried to keep it in view ; not that I have anything of my own to boast of, nothing but the merits of my Redeemer. But I believe that those who live with no regard to this, will not partake of the blessing of the Sacrifice.’

"I told her that perhaps she would see my precious daughter before I did, and would she take her a message from me ? ‘My dear love and I hope soon to come to her.’

"She answered, ‘Ah little dear love ! if we are permitted to recognize each other there, as I cannot but think we shall. I do not wish to pry into things too high for me, and Scripture is silent, but what it does say on the subject, favours it.’

"Telling her of friends enquiring for her, she said : ‘Yes, friends are very kind ! I feel much love for them. I have great unison for all in our meeting, for though they may differ in their various ways of looking at things and in their speaking, yet I can receive what is good and excellent in them all.’”

A truly characteristic description of her turn of mind and her large hearted charity.

Journal continued :—“Dear Aunt was favoured by degrees to rally from this illness, so as to be able to move into the little sitting-room adjoining her own, which she greatly enjoyed. There she saw her friends, one or two at a time, for many weeks and months ; there she entered, warmly as

ever, into all our concerns, and gave her sympathy and counsel whenever needed. The greatest deprivation she experienced seemed to be that she could not mingle in worship with her friends at meeting, and she very often expressed the privilege it would be if ever permitted to sit with them again. 'But it must be left,' she would add, 'It will all be right, whichever way my Heavenly Father is pleased to dispense. He knows best.'

"The last time I remember joining in a meal with my two dear Aunts was on 6th of 9th month, when calling upon them, and tea being brought into the little room, they persuaded me to allow my dear husband to be sent for. When he came, we had one of those cheerful times which had so often been enjoyed together in other days.

* * * * *

"Dear Aunt gradually declined as the cold weather drew on, and the little room was given up. She used to sit by day, partially dressed, in the easy chair by her bedroom fire, and there saw us when we could spare a few minutes to visit her. On the occasion of Daniel Wood's funeral passing by, she stationed herself in view by the window, and great was her sympathy with the mourning widow."

S. A. Fox had been one of a committee appointed to visit some of the neighbouring meetings, a subject in which our Aunt took much interest.

Journal continued: "On second-day morning, when I went in as usual to tell her of my visiting one of the meetings the day before, with others of the committee, the nurse came to me, saying, 'Oh, here's the lady! We've been watching for you all the morning, ma'am.' And then dear Aunt, putting out both her hands, said: 'Come, my dear, sit down by me and tell me all about it. It's all interesting

to me. If I were able I should much enjoy to be on your committee, very much enjoy it; and I have great unity with it, dear. I think it will be good for both visitors and visited, and I am very glad thy name is on the committee.'

"At another time, 'Ah! I should have exceedingly enjoyed, were I able, to be on your committee. It would have given me great satisfaction. But it is too late in the day—my work is almost done.'

"Soon after the year 1867 began, when we were noting the various removals by death of valued friends, I said, 'Yes, Aunt, we shall soon *all* go; the great thing is to reach the same bright home.'

"She brightly replied, 'Yes, dear, that is all the aged have to think of; if they can but reach that home! But for those in younger life there is more than this to be thought of and kept in view. It is very important for those in younger life to be coming up to their right places,—to be filling their proper ranks in the church. For such as I, who have nearly done their little day's work, for such as I, the one great thing is to feel sure of an entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom. And I am thankful to say my faith has never wavered, never since I was quite young. I have *never* wavered in the great doctrine of Christ's Atonement; that has been my sure foundation—I have never wavered from that immutable Rock.'

"On the evening before the Spring Quarterly Meeting, an urgent message came to go to dear Aunt. Joseph John at once went on and I followed. * * * * When I entered the room the severity of the paroxysm was passing over, and she looked up and said, 'Who is that? Sarah? Dear creature! Dear creature!' and kissed me most affectionately. I put her head on my shoulder, and presently after she looked up

again and said, 'Who is that? Sarah? Dear creature! I like to lean my head on thy shoulder, dear creature!' We tried to prevent her talking, but she seemed so bright, and looking at my husband, said, 'So thee see, Joseph John, I must give up Quarterly Meeting to-morrow.'

"After some minutes she looked up at me and said, 'Who is that? Sarah?'

'Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.'

We tried to stop her, but she *would* go on until she had finished the beautiful lines.

"She said she thought it was very doubtful whether she lived through the night. 'But I cannot tell. I have no anxiety. I only desire that I may be favoured with an easy passage!' Such as her dear father and mother and grandmother had had before her.

"Not many days after this Aunt Rachel Allen and Emma Beck visited her, and I joined the little tea party in the parlour under Aunt's room, which was a great treat to us—two aunts and two nieces—a time I shall long remember, one of those little re-unions, unexpectedly occurring, which get fewer and fewer as life goes on. * * * * After tea I went up to the dear one in her solitary chamber. She greeted me as usual, spreading out both her hands, and expressed great pleasure at Aunt Rachel's visit, also at my popping in, and spoke very cheerfully of herself. I said, 'Well, dear Aunt! thee can say thee have been mercifully dealt with!' She put up her hands, and in an impressive tone, said,

"'Oh dear yes, indeed I can—indeed I can!'

"That was the last time I saw her alive, and I shall long recall the sweet smile and nod she gave me, as I went through the curtain hanging before the door."

The foregoing account presents in a life-like sketch the religious side of our Aunt's character, deeply interesting as it was from that point of view ; a humble Christian without being abject or depressed, but cheerful and hopeful, as it is meet that such an one should be.

While writing of Hannah Allen it is impossible to separate from her her two sisters, Eliza and Ann, for they lived together all their lives, a peculiarly united trio. On their mother's death they left the parental home, and after residing for a while with their cousin, Elizabeth Weetch, and her husband, they finally settled in 1832, at 9, Albion Terrace, Stoke Newington, where they spent the remainder of their lives, and where, one after another, they all died.

Eliza was less gifted than her sisters, the sorrow of her mother for her little ones who died of the small-pox having fallen upon her, but she was a genial and affectionate, though rather peculiar person, and not so fitted to mix in the world as they were. She had a remarkable memory for some things, and was a great reader of light literature. She died suddenly of apoplexy, in October, 1845, aged 55. All the sisters were engaged to spend the evening out, and Hannah and Ann went upstairs to dress for the visit, leaving Eliza to follow. As she did not come after them at once, they called to her but received no answer, on which one of them, wishing to expedite her, went down into the parlour, and, to her horror, found her lying motionless on the floor. Medical help was soon obtained, but the remedies applied failed to revive her, and she never regained consciousness. She was carried to her room and died before the evening was over. It was a great shock to the family, but after that had somewhat subsided her sisters felt it to be a cause for thankfulness that

she was taken before themselves, and had never missed the watchful care which they had so constantly exercised on her behalf.

Ann, the last sister, was very different from Hannah and Eliza, in appearance and style. She was a small, lively, and rather pretty woman, very active and energetic in whatever she did; whether in managing their household, or entertaining their friends, or calling on their numerous relatives and acquaintances, amongst whom she was a general favourite, especially with the young, many of whom were accustomed to address her by the familiar appellation of "Aunt Nancy," and her kindness in assisting the poor or any that were in need was unremitting. She and her eldest sister were inseparable friends, and, to a certain extent, one was the complement of the other. Hannah moderated the ardour and strong feelings of Ann, gently recalling her to herself when her natural warmth of expression appeared too sweeping, also transacting their financial matters, and being, in fact, the acknowledged head of the family; while Ann managed the domestic part of the *ménage*, had the dress of all of them under her care, and was as the hands and feet to the household of which Hannah was the head. But the closeness of the affection between them was so great that they rarely left home except together, and for many years they were but little parted. They made many journies together, at home and abroad, often accompanied by a friend of their whole lives, Mrs. Bill, née Kennard, who was like a sister to them, and resided near London. With her my Aunts often spent many weeks of the summer and autumn at seaside watering places, and on one occasion their wanderings extended to Switzerland, where they paid a visit of two or three months. My Aunts were very benevolent to the

poor and to many who were in distress. From far and near came their poorer neighbours to solicit help and advice in illness, or to beg for some of the excellent ointment with which they dressed wounds and contused limbs, and many were the patients who resorted to their house. Their mother before them had bestowed much skill and healing in such cases, and if others were sometimes tempted to smile at the high esteem in which they held the virtue of their medicines, there is no denying that they were real benefactors to very many who came to them for aid.

At last they were called to part. Hannah had declined more rapidly for some months, during which Ann tended her with the greatest love and care, and full of years, and oppressed with infirmity and disease of the heart, but in the vigour of her mental faculties, she passed away. It was a terrible wrench for poor Ann to lose the close friend of more than seventy years, to whom she had looked up as her adviser and counsellor; and from that time her pleasure in life in great measure ceased. She lived nearly ten years after, at first able to receive her friends and to pay occasional visits, and even, to some extent, to enjoy life; but her strength gradually failed, and a tendency to epileptic attacks came on. Several severe fits seized her, though at irregular and sometimes very long intervals, but it was evident that each left her feebler in health and with her mental ability diminished; while, during the last year or two, a perceptible loss of power on the right side was apparent. Her memory became so much impaired that, though she knew her friends when present, she forgot them almost as soon as they had left her; so far, at least, as to labour under the delusion that she was neglected. Still her loving heart clung to them, and she delighted to receive their frequent calls, and for the little

ones of the family she had ever a bright smile of pleasure. She faded gradually away, and died in March, 1877, aged 81. All the sisters and one brother lie in the graveyard at Stoke Newington, attached to the Friends' Meeting-house there.

In thus describing my three Aunts, it is perhaps only fair to say that they had some share of the family eccentricity, though in a modified degree. In Hannah it shewed itself most, but took more the form of singular habits of body and mind, than of more serious peculiarity. A certain nervous twitching of the arms and fingers made her sometimes the object of the good-natured "chaffing" of her intimates, while she had fits of abstraction and of absence of mind which were occasionally inconvenient, but more often amusing, to those who were by. All this served, however, only to shew, by contrast, her large-hearted liberality and the kindliness of her disposition, which could afford to join in the merry laugh of her young relatives, who, in the exuberance of fun, jested over her droll peculiarities, while they revered her fine character and loved her dearly.

Eliza had her peculiar characteristics also, but as her life was more secluded than that of her sisters, they were less conspicuous. She became blind in one eye during the last few years of her life, from paralysis of the optic nerve, and had she lived much longer she would probably have lost the sight of the other also.

Eccentricity could scarcely be said to belong to Ann, though her determined will and pronounced opinions sometimes verged on it, but from personal habits she was almost entirely free.

My Uncle, Lewis Allen, was the youngest son of John and Elizabeth Allen, and was born in October, 1793. He

was a lively youth and, as a man, was full of good-natured fun and humour, and a general favourite. Many amusing stories were related of his childhood and boyhood by himself or his brothers and sisters, but most of them have passed from my remembrance. Still there was one which particularly diverted us when young. His mother dressed him in white frocks and petticoats till he was seven or eight years old, which was far from pleasing to the high spirited child ; and he used to tell us that when a clean frock was put on, his delight was to go out and find a convenient puddle of water, or still better of mud, into which he stepped and then made a low curtsey, dipping the frock into it all round, so that when he presented himself in the nursery after, it was to receive a severe scolding from Jenny, their faithful nurse. A continuation of this practice at length compelled them to put him into garments more suited to his age.

My Uncle lived with his mother and sisters till the death of the former, when he came to reside with us at Coggeshall till his marriage, and our leaving that place, he being in partnership with my father at that time. We were his only nephews and nieces, of whom consequently he was very fond, and by us he was regarded with the same affection as our father, so that I think they even now hold an equal place in my remembrance. He outlived our father for some years, and during that time was as a second parent to us. He was not gifted with the beauty that belonged to our father, though a good looking man, and he had somewhat more of the manners of the world. Like his Brother, he was an accomplished rider and driver, and as he generally kept a good saddle horse, he occasionally indulged his inclination and took a day's run with the foxhounds which were kept in the neighbourhood, a sport which he exceedingly

enjoyed. But it ended there ; he never joined the hunting parties connected with it, riding quietly home when the day was over, and in his later years he gave it up entirely. He rode much on his business affairs, and was often pleased to have one of us beside him on our grey pony or another horse.

My Uncle, who through his life was a true Quaker, was married, in 1837, to Rachel Squire, of Hertford, a beautiful and lady-like Friend of his own age, and a woman of sterling sense and bright happy temperament, to whom he had long been attached. They lived together only 10 years, a time much chequered by change and difficulties of a monetary kind, ending with his long illness and death.

The malady from which my Uncle suffered was of a distressing nature, being the result of a tumour in the passage leading to the stomach. It came gradually on, shewing itself first by occasional sickness, a symptom which was considered to be spasmodic, and did not give rise to great anxiety. After some weeks the affection became more severe, and interfered sadly with the power to take sufficient food to keep him in health, so that he grew perceptibly thinner and weaker, and in the course of a few months he was obliged to relinquish his business avocations and settled into a confirmed invalid. From that time it was melancholy to see him ; for the disease increased more rapidly, and he was able to swallow so little that he became extremely emaciated and constantly weaker. Little by little all solid food was given up, and even liquid nourishment was difficult to retain, in fact but little of it reached the stomach. His suffering at times from hunger and thirst was distressing, and, to his wife, agonizing to see, feeling, as she did, how powerless she was to help him. But amidst it all, and during the long period of his decline, his patience in bearing

his trial was most exemplary. No murmur escaped him even in his greatest suffering, but he was peaceful and resigned, and strove to comfort his sorrowing wife and to be cheerful in her presence. He had taken an unfavourable view of his case from an early part of his illness, which he shewed by various remarks to us when she was absent, and whilst he was willing to try every remedy from which possible advantage could be expected, he did not believe in their being of any permanent avail. Change of air was tried in the early summer, at Weston-Super-Mare and Clifton, but they finally went back to London, and he died at Stoke Newington, in the house of his sisters, on the 8th November, 1847, aged 54. He remained conscious to the last, while we stood silently and sorrowfully round his bed—his wife, his sisters, my mother, his nephews, and myself; and so quiet was his departure that we were unable to tell when his last breath was drawn. His wife, as she stood beside him, with his hand in hers, stooped over him and said, "We shall meet again soon, dear!" Though unable to reply, he turned his eyes on her face and gazed stedfastly at her till the last, and when all was over, we felt that his release from a state of such suffering and disease was mercifully granted, and that he had entered on a higher and more blessed existence. He was buried in the graveyard attached to the Friends' Meeting-house, at Stoke Newington.

My Aunt lived many years after, going back to the home at Hertford, where, during a considerable period of her previous life, she had resided with and kept the house of her bachelor brother, Henry Squire, from whom she had never been parted, if we except the short episode of her married life. Even the same servants were there to receive her when she returned to the abode of her youth, a mourning widow, and

her old friends came round her as she settled in again for nearly 30 years. She was a lovely woman, gracing the cheerful home, and dispensing the hospitality of the house in the free and open-handed way so characteristic of English country life, 60 years ago. It was a treat to spend a day or two with them; my Aunt, with her sweet face (beautiful even at 80 years of age), her light step, her merry laugh, and her rich draperied dress, made in its semi-Quaker plainness, acting as the dignified hostess; and her brother, a man of unusual height and size, receiving us with the warmth of a genial host. Their table was spread with abundant and excellent fare. The silver and glass were heirlooms, made in the old style, spotless and brilliant, and plenty of it; the green handled silver mounted knives and forks had come down from their predecessors, and were kept in two old fashioned mahogany boxes on the sideboard, the knives with that peculiar round end turned somewhat back, which tradition says had been invented for the purpose of eating peas, before the old two pronged fork had given place to the style of the present day. The dinner napkins and table-cloths were of the finest damask, and flowers were in profusion. But the primitive usages of a previous generation had so far held sway in the family, that, unless when company were with them, the old custom of serving the puddings and pastry before the course of meat or fish still existed with them, strange as it may now seem to us. Still I can remember, that, in my own childhood, it was by no means an uncommon custom; and in Essex, where our early years were passed, there were some, even among our own Society of Friends, who regularly took a small glass of beer before commencing their six o'clock meal of tea.

Above all, it was Henry Squire's delight to produce a quaint

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jug of his old October ale, so potent that but little of it could suitably be taken at one time. He offered it with a twinkle in his eye and a satisfied smile at the praise which its qualities would evoke, saying, "I have tapped that to-day on purpose for you, as I know you appreciate it." Then the garden, how it teemed with flowers! It was old fashioned and went down to the river Lea, which ran through the neighbouring fields, but the old gardener kept it in the finest condition, and everything was first-rate of its kind and came in its due season.

But these days drew to a close suddenly. Henry Squire on one of his frequent visits to London, fell as he descended from the railway carriage, and dislocated his hip. Hewas carried to a hotel, where medical help was soon obtained and my Aunt sent for. But he was an old and heavy man; the shock was too much for his frame to bear, and he died in two or three days, to the great grief of his sister, who was thus left the last of her family. She survived him less than a year, during which time she declined gradually, dying in 1876. One after another, her three fine Brothers had preceded her to the grave, and, with the exception of some nephews and nieces, all her near relatives were gone; so that her bright merry laugh had a plaintive sound, and her voice and words were pensive and sad, when my Sister and I paid her our last visit, a few months before she passed away. She was quietly and peacefully waiting for the time when she would rejoin those whom she had mourned so truly.

Charles (my Father), the eldest surviving son of John Allen, was born in February, 1792. He was a fine, handsome boy and of a noble disposition, though his mental abilities did not equal those of his eldest sister. As I said before, his mind

was never sufficiently developed by superior teaching, though fairly trained by an ordinary education, and on the death of his Father it was considered best to place him in business. In those days it was usual to apprentice a youth for a term of years to a master who should instruct him in all the branches of the occupation to which he was bound. The system had its good side as well as its bad, but it is now rarely practised. So my Father was apprenticed to William Batt, a tanner, living at Maidenhead, in Berkshire, and there he was to remain till he came of age. Mr. Batt had several of these youths under his care, and I fancy the lads lived a happy and pleasant life with him, and with one another, for many were the anecdotes and amusing stories that my Father related to us when we were children.

Mr. Batt was a critic in horses, and extremely particular as to the keeping of his carriage and harness; and as he considered that every man should be able to superintend these things in after life, and to know whether his groom or coachman did his work properly, all his young pupils were instructed in it, and were ordered sometimes to carefully clean the harness. Their master would examine it after, to see how they had performed the duty, and every buckle and every strap was looked at to see if it had received proper attention. The result of this shewed itself in after life, for both my Father and Uncle were extremely particular about the management of their horses and of all belonging to them, everything being always kept in the highest condition.

Towards the close of my Father's apprenticeship at Maidenhead, it happened that the family received a visit from a distant relative, with his wife and daughters, Samuel and Elizabeth Harris, and their two sweet girls, Sarah and Elizabeth. Sarah was at that time engaged to George Knight, whom she

afterwards married, but Elizabeth had hitherto declined the various offers of marriage which she had received. She must have been at that time about twenty-two, of a slight, elegant figure and peculiarly sweet face, a perfect blonde with curling hair. My Father, though three years younger, was struck by her charms ; and before long his boyish preference took a more decided form, and gained strength as time passed on, and when twenty years of age he proposed for her hand. He was unsuccessful for a while, as probably the difference of age was a barrier to Elizabeth's acceptance of the handsome tall youth. His rich complexion, and black, curling hair gave him such a likeness to Lord Byron, who was then in his early prime, that on one occasion, when my Father was walking at the West-end of London, he was addressed by a gentleman who took him for the noble poet.

But Charles hoped and waited, trusting that in time the heart of the lovely girl would relent. His sister Hannah was her intimate friend ; their parents were mutually acquainted, and an occasional visit to the house prevented him from being forgotten. Poor man ! He would sometimes reproach her playfully, in after years, for her unkindness in keeping him so long in suspense, which she would turn aside with the merry reply, that it had probably been good for him ! At last they became engaged, and I have heard from those who saw them married, on the 24th July, 1816, that they had never seen a handsomer bridegroom nor a fairer bride, he being then 24, and she nearly 28.

My Father took home his wife to a pretty house at Maidenhead, where, on the first anniversary of their marriage, their first child (myself) was born. He used to relate how he had a new carriage built expressly for her use—the two-wheeled headed chaise, then so much in vogue, not unlike

a gentleman's cabriolet of the present day—and that he bought a fine horse, hoping that it would prove a good and useful creature. But it turned out to be so incorrigibly lazy that he could scarcely drive it at all, though he was one of the most accomplished “whips” that I ever met. He was fond of horses and greatly enjoyed driving, and on the box of the stage coach, which ran between Coggeshall and London, he would sometimes take the care of the four horses for miles ; George Freeman, the driver, saying, while he handed over the reins, “Will you take them, Mr. Allen, for a little while, for I am so tired that I must have some sleep, and I know that I can trust the horses to you.”

But the animal which was intended to be the delight of himself and his wife after they married, was hopelessly sluggish and unmanageable. On one occasion, when driving back from London to Maidenhead, my Father was quite unable to get the creature out of a walk, though he broke the whip in his efforts to urge her on ; and they felt helpless, and foolish enough, when they met other people on the road. He therefore parted with the wretched horse, and sold her into the team of a stage coach, where he heard of her afterwards as doing admirably in double harness, and one of the best horses on the road.

My Father was as good a rider as he was a driver, and often rode on business from Maidenhead to London and back in the day. To do this it was necessary to cross Hounslow Heath, a wide open space of common land two or three miles in extent, then, and for years after, noted for the highway robberies committed there by the gang of desperate characters who haunted the neighbourhood, and made it dangerous to traverse except in the day time. Neither my Father, nor his brother Lewis, who was often with them at

Maidenhead, was ever assaulted, though they frequently rode unattended over the Heath. But they were always mounted on high spirited fast horses, and put them to a rapid pace while passing the dangerous parts. Once, while my Father was in the middle of the Heath, he saw at a distance a woman running as fast as she could, followed by a man, who was gaining on her rapidly. With a touch of the spur his horse burst into a gallop, and away he went in the direction of the woman and the man, the latter of whom, as my Father approached, disappeared and left the road. His kind voice soon reassured the poor woman, and he kept along by her side until the danger was over, and the Heath was passed.

Many were the stories that were told of this terrible place, where robbery was so frequent, and murders not uncommon. It was the practice of many travellers to be heavily armed on their journeys, so that when the highwaymen appeared at the heads of the horses and at the carriage doors a conflict often took place. It is related of a certain nobleman of that day that he made it his boast that no *one* man should ever be able to rob him. It happened once when he was crossing Hounslow Heath, that a man, with a pistol in his hand, stopped his carriage and opened the door, demanding his money. The nobleman put his hand into his pocket, apparently to draw out his purse, on which the man said, "I thought, my lord, you declared that *one* man should never rob you!" "No," he replied, "nor should *you*, if it were not for the man behind you." Astonished to hear of a man behind him, the robber turned round, when Lord —— pulled out a pistol and shot him, calling to the postillion to go on as fast as he could.

Sometimes when my Father or Uncle was later in return—

ing home than he expected to be, a man was despatched on horseback to meet him as he came over the Heath ; happily his assistance was never required.

But circumstances were not propitious for them at Maidenhead, the business in which my Father was engaged not being sufficiently profitable, and they were obliged to move elsewhere. Their next place of residence was at the little town of Coggeshall, in Essex, where my parents took up their abode when their first child was only six weeks old. The tannery, which my Father and Uncle bought, was at the extreme end of the town, and immediately adjoining it was the residence, a good, old fashioned, red-brick house ; where, during the eighteen years that they lived there, all the remainder of their large family were born ; where also three of them died, one a promising boy of six years, the eldest of their eight sons, and two infants, all of whom were laid in a small graveyard at Coggeshall, belonging to the Society of Friends.

Here then the largest part of my parents' married life was passed, happy in each other, and surrounded by their children, though from time to time their lot was chequered by care and trial. My Father was a bright, genial man, greatly respected by his neighbours, and esteemed by the members of his own Society. He was frequently engaged in the affairs of the small town in which he lived, where he and his brother took their share in turn as overseers of the poor, or in other public matters. They were much interested in politics, holding the opinions of advanced Whigs, who, at that time, formed the most pronounced party among the Liberal thinkers of the country.

From them, doubtless, we of the younger generation have inherited our strong bias in favour of liberal opinions.

Elections were, in that day, much more tinctured with the violence of party spirit ; and active canvassing was permitted on both sides, with the exhibition of coloured "favours," as they were called. Long processions of voters might be seen on their way to the places of poll, headed by their respective leaders ; and in all these proceedings we juniors took a lively part, such as none of the young people are now able to do. We bought large quantities of ribbon of our own special colour, which we diligently made into rosettes and "favours" for the electors to wear ; we used our best exertions to induce such as we had any influence over to vote for our pet candidates, and we decorated our own pony's head with the colours, and even wore modest bows on our own persons, throwing ourselves heart and soul into the political strife. But all this is changed now, and very happily so for the world at large, as with the disappearance of the old system of conducting elections, much evil and demoralization has passed away. Still it is by no means certain that what has been gained in external decorum is any guarantee that though the outside of the edifice is to outward appearance purer, there are fewer of the "dead men's bones" to be found within.

Essex is essentially an agricultural county, and in some districts the cultivation of seeds for the London and other markets forms a considerable and important branch of industry. In this, and in agriculture generally, my Father took great interest. As is so often the case with amateurs, he was impressed with the belief that farming could be made more profitable than most practical men engaged in it find it to be. So for a while he tried the experiment on a few acres that he held, and though I do not suppose that he lost money

by it, I think that there was little or no profit. Probably in his efforts at seed growing on the land devoted to gardening he was more successful. I well remember that in the corner of a large partially furnished room in our house, an enormous sack of cucumber seed stood year after year unsold, because the price of that particular product was too unremunerative to make it worth while to part with it. But in time we children lost our chance of burying our hands in its depths while at play, for cucumbers had in one season proved a failure, and the reward of patience was achieved by a profitable sale and good prices at last, and the cumbrous sack and its contents disappeared.

On the occasion of harvest on our little farm, the whole family repaired to the fields to see the reaping, and to assist, as we thought, in the work. One particular afternoon comes before me now. It was a hot, sunny day, and the men were thirsty and weary. No total abstinence movement had then arisen, and no attempt to stem the tide of drink and strong liquors by the substitution of coffee or other non-alcoholic beverages had then been made; so that the custom of allowing beer to the work people was universal. One of our men had indulged too freely in ale, which did its work only too surely, and he was at last found lying helpless in a furrow in the field. Poor man! he was one of the most respectable of those in my Father's employ, and by no means addicted to drinking, in fact had never before been seen the worse for liquor; but on this occasion the heat and hard work had predisposed him to be overcome. As he lay on the ground in this condition, one of the little boys of the party, disposed to rebuke him and to become his self-constituted censor, was seen to walk round and round the prostrate man, staring at him, and stopping now and then to exclaim,

"You are drunk, Jem ! you are drunk, Jem ! You know you are !" To which the poor victim stammered out in reply, "I know it, Master Joe ! I know it, Master Joe !" being so far conscious of his state as to feel the deep humiliation of his position. Some one at last called off the child, and the man was left to come to himself.

But who shall describe the contrition of the poor fellow the next day, when his master kindly and seriously spoke to him of his fault ? He was almost crushed by shame, which was the more distressing to bear, because we had all been present to witness it ; "For," said he, "the worst part of it is, sir, that my mistress should have seen me. I cannot bear to think that my mistress was there !" But both his master and mistress re-assured the faithful servant, who had been with them for years, and never was known to transgress in that way again.

My Father was a powerful and well built man, and an expert and accomplished swimmer. It was his delight to take his elder boys, on the fine summer mornings, to bathe with him in the river Blackwater, which was not far from our house, and to train them in the water till they became as good swimmers as himself. He would float about in the deepest parts of the stream, and encourage them to come fearlessly in by his side, and receive the lessons which he so well knew how to give ; and in this way they gained a degree of courage and experience which they have never lost in after life. One of them, at least, has pursued the same course with his own sons, and taught them on the same plan.

With his daughters my Father rode on horseback frequently, and, by his lessons in riding, made them as fearless in the saddle as his sons were in the water, and all of them, who were old enough, he taught to drive.

Shall I sketch shortly our home and a little of our life at Coggeshall, which some of my Brothers and Sisters, though no one else, may remember? I could wish for the graphic pen which can portray scenes and incidents with lifelike power, for I grieve that all the details of past lives should, as a rule, so entirely disappear with the generation that has lived through them. How little do we now know or try to realize the joys or sorrows of those who have gone before? We read of deep grief, but what does the history of it convey to our mind? As children even, we learn as a matter of historic fact, that after the death of his son, Henry the First *never smiled again*; but who, of all the thousands who have repeated those melancholy words, ever entered into the bitterness of spirit through which the miserable king must have passed. Still fewer perhaps have entered into the deeply touching story of Rizpah (2 Sam., c. 21, v. viii), who watched day and night for three months beside the bodies of her slaughtered sons, to preserve them from the beasts and birds of prey. What must have been the agony of that poor bereaved mother during her long and dreary watching! History, both public and private, bristles with sorrows, and not less, perhaps, gleams with brightness and joy, did we but know the details of all that has happened; but the curtain of oblivion has fallen on nearly all, and what is it now to us?

Our house was on the outskirts of the little town, close to the road side, with green fields in front, where our cows and horses grazed. On one side was a garden, small for the country, but sufficiently large to be very pretty. In it stood the cottage, adjoining our house, in which my maternal Grandmother lived during the later years of her life. On the other side of the house was the tannery, with

its various appurtenances, and extensive buildings of different kinds, such as the sheds and stables ; and beyond it a large kitchen-garden where the children were allowed to play, and sometimes to eat of the fruit. Can we ever forget that fruit ? Have we ever eaten such since ? I know not, but this I know, that there was a charm over it all then which no after time has ever possessed. In the full enjoyment of health and freedom we revelled in it all. There never have been since to us, and never can be again, such peaches and nectarines as grew on our long south wall, nor such apples as the Jennettings, of which we were allowed to eat as often and as many as we pleased ; nor such plums as we found hidden in the herb bed under the tree, which we picked up in full bloom and ripeness and eagerly devoured. Even now the odour of mint and sage and thyme wafts back to me the memory of those early days, though they seem to be separated from my after life by a space of time so long that they might apparently have happened in a former age of the world ! Gone—gone—gone are all those who dwelt there then—and, with rare exceptions, all who visited us—only the little children of that day remaining—gray-headed men and women past the meridian of life !

The house was of red brick, with roses and other climbing plants over its front. We enter the hall door, and are in a square hall of moderate dimensions, on the left of which opens a small sitting-room ; on the right a much larger one, while beyond are the kitchens and other offices. Turn we now into the larger parlour, in which we generally lived. Immediately opposite the door is the fireplace, and on the right hand side the room looks through two windows to the road. On the left a door opens into a large china closet, and between that and the fireplace a bay window leads, through a glass door, to the

garden ; and very pretty is that garden window with the lawn and trees beyond. Like that of most rooms in such old-fashioned houses, the ceiling is low, not more than eight or nine feet high, and it is crossed by two large projecting beams. Above stairs are the bedrooms and nurseries.

Here we lived for eighteen years. In her easy chair by the fireside sits my Grandmother, knitting or laboriously trying to read the newspaper ; for her sight fails her, and her education has not made her very fluent in reading. On the other side of the fireplace sits my dear Mother, with her work-table beside her, busy in her family affairs, while I stand near, a gawky, shy girl, learning my lessons or repeating them to her ; she taught me till I was thirteen, with some assistance from a master, and we were very regular in our studies, in which my sister, Sarah Angell, also took part. By-and-bye come the younger children in a tide from the garden, and the boys return from their day-school. They are little fellows and have ridden to and fro on our pretty grey pony. There are Charles, tall and slim for his age, and Joseph, the droll boy who is full of fun and humour. But delicate little Frederic, with his beautiful, curling, flaxen hair, and the twins—Emma, with the large brown eyes, and Arthur, with the bright blue eyes and fair complexion—come from the garden ; the days of Philip were not yet.

Hark ! there is a step in the hall, and the mother recognizes the manly tread, and has raised her face with a bright look as the door opens and the Father comes in. He is full of life and earnestness, with his dark eyes and rich complexion and glossy, black hair, and a beaming smile greets the wife of his heart. He has to drive out a few miles on business—he has ordered the horse and carriage, and mamma and some of the children must go too on this fine day ; and

he adds, as he turns to me, "Char, thy pony is being saddled ; make haste and get ready to ride by our side ! " We are off to prepare—we are ready—he puts me into the saddle, assists the rest into their seats, takes the reins in his hand, and away we go through the country roads and villages to our destination, enjoying the fresh air and charming ride.

And where did we go ? Sometimes it was to Kelvedon, through three miles of the most tortuous lanes that I ever knew, where some of our friends lived, at whose houses we always received a kind welcome. At other times it was through the village of Blackwater, so called from the little river on whose banks it was built ; or we slowly rode or drove down a narrow lane with high banks and trees on each side, forming the course of a small stream, a tributary of the river Blackwater, which chose this peculiar channel down which to convey its waters. A great charm to us young people lay in its very name, and we always rejoiced when our way led through "Water Lane."

Occasionally our journey was more lengthened, and we went to Colchester to spend the day with our friends who lived there ; and once in the course of two or three years we were accustomed to spend a few weeks at the seaside, at Walton-on-the-Naze, nearly thirty miles from home. These were joyous times for the children, who, with their nurses, were packed into a covered spring waggon, along with their numerous belongings, and plenty of good fare to sustain them on the way. A pair of strong horses conveyed the whole party at a not too rapid pace, halting midway to rest and bait, and arriving at their destination at the close of the afternoon. My Father and Mother drove down in their phaeton, while I cantered or trotted on my pony beside them. Our pretty pony formed one of our family circle at the seaside, and was always

with us on every expedition we made, carrying the children in groups of two or three at a time, with a docility and care that made my Father once declare that she was almost as helpful with them as another nurse would have been.

At the time when we first knew Walton-on-the-Naze it was little more than a fishing village, where the only fair accommodation was to be obtained in one or another of the farm houses near. It is situated on the shore of the open German Ocean, whose waters come tumbling on to the beach, bringing health and pleasure to the visitors who resort to it from the country round. But as time went on, and improved communication made it more easy of access, it was patronized by a few gentlemen of property, who built lodging houses of more pretension and more fitted for the residence of visitors, till it gradually became a place of importance ; and of late years, the construction of a railway and the service of steamboats from London, and other parts, have transformed it into a watering place of considerable resort. The town is situated on a part of the English coast where the sea makes regular and constant inroads. Its earliest church and surrounding church-yard have long ago disappeared beneath the waves, and a house which we once occupied in childhood, and which stood at the distance of one or two fields from the margin of the cliff, now hangs on its very edge, and threatens, ere long, to share the fate of the church which has so long passed away.

Let me dwell for yet a moment on our household life to relate how social were our evenings ! The children always came down after our six o'clock tea, and my Father shone brightly with his young children. He and my Mother were always ready to play games with us and amuse us in many ways, or he would carry the little ones about on his shoulder, and allow them to climb on his knee and cluster round

him. The Grandmother sat placidly by, and our Uncle, who was at that time an inmate of our family, delighted to read aloud to the rest, after the children had retired.

At a few miles distance, in the village of Earls Colne, was a boys' school, kept by a "Friend," and it sometimes happened that some of the pupils were left behind during the winter vacation. My kind-hearted Father took pity on these youths, and would invite them to spend a few days at his house for the sake of change; a kindness which was duly appreciated by the poor boys, several of whom were young strangers from foreign lands. Conspicuous amongst them were some Greek lads, named Mavrogordato, related to the Prince of the same name, while another was Andreas Miolis, a grandson of Admiral Miolis. They were refugees from the island of Scio, where the Turks had recently perpetrated the awful massacre of its inhabitants which is now a matter of history, from which they and their parents had escaped with their bare lives. Of the Mavrogordatos, one was a fine young man, named Stephanos, who was at the school for a short time only, in order to acquire a knowledge of the English language. He became a merchant at Smyrna in after life, and we occasionally heard of him from there. A young boy, named Lucas, was his brother, and with them were two cousins, Lucas and Demetrius, the latter of whom died shortly after. A singular incident was related of the first named Lucas during the terrors of the massacre.

He was but a little child at the time, and in their alarm and anxiety and the hurry of their escape, he was lost sight of; his parents could discover no trace of him, nor could they gain tidings of the boy from any one. He was therefore believed to be entirely lost, and his friends re-

luctantly gave up the search, in the necessity for endeavouring to save themselves, when he was found, four days after his disappearance, quietly sleeping under a tree, unhurt and uninjured, to the extreme and unspeakable joy of his parents; but how he had been preserved, and in what way he had found his safe asylum, they never knew. He became a merchant in London, and died of fever, at Rome, in 1875.

During one of these vacations came Thomas McFoy, a youth of colour, the son of the governor of Sierra Leone, a bright, intelligent boy, who became in after life a merchant in the colony, and a man of importance there. Other lads, named Sturge, were at our house once or twice, nephews of Thomas Sturge and George Sturge, of London. Francis, the eldest, was sent to sea soon after, and on one of his voyages fell overboard and was drowned. Alfred, who now lives near London, is the father of a numerous family of sons and daughters, one of whom is Dr. Henry Havelock Sturge. Adolphus, the youngest of the brothers, has lived in America for many years, and one or both of his sons are in the medical profession.

Before all these, and almost before I can recollect anything, came Marmadee and Sandanee, escaped slaves from the West Indies, two of the blackest negroes that I ever saw, and to their extremely thick features and black shining complexions is probably due the fact that I remember them at all, but my childish observation was attracted to such a novel and unaccustomed sight. Even to these poor wanderers from their native land my parents extended their kindly and gracious hospitality. Probably their education was carried on at the school to some extent, but of their after life I have no record. One after another these groups of boys appeared among us during a fraction of our home life, but never again, except

in the instance of the Sturges, to pass across the same orbit as ourselves.

Some of us can recollect, as a faint glimmering in our memories, the terrible time of agricultural distress, and consequent outrages, which took place about 1829-30. In the county where we then lived there was a large amount of incendiarianism during the winter, and we can call to mind one night in particular when not less than three of these incendiary fires were blazing at one time within sight of our house. They were the ricks and farm buildings of the wretched farmers on whom the mysterious "Swing," as the destroyers designated themselves, were wreaking their misguided vengeance. We were too young to know the reasons for this outbreak of disturbance, and I have no means at hand for finding out what their grievances were, unless they were associated in some way with the introduction of agricultural implements of an improved order, by which the poor ignorant labourers believed that their class would be injured and perhaps ruined.

One more incident of our Coggeshall life may be cited, as bearing remotely on the history of one of England's greatest men. It must have been about the year 1833 or 1834 that a Commission was sent to our little town to take the evidence of a gentleman who was too ill to attend in London on some public enquiry. The deputation consisted of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, a gentleman whose name I do not remember, and a young man named William Ewart Gladstone. The arrival of three Members of Parliament in a carriage and four, dashing through our quiet streets, was a considerable event for the inhabitants, who assembled at various points to see them pass, ourselves among the number. In my memory I can see them now as if it were but yesterday; the stout

powerful form and jovial face of the great Liberator, and his colleague, seated at the back of the carriage ; while opposite to them, with his back to the horses, sat the tall, thin young man whose marked features indicated intellect and power in no common degree. All eyes were, of course, fixed on O'Connell, then in the zenith of his fame, and perhaps we should hardly have observed his companion, had not a gentleman, who stood by, remarked : "That is young Gladstone ; they say that, if he lives, he will some day make a great figure in Parliament." Accordingly our attention was directed to the modest-looking young Member, and I have often recalled that time, as, during the years of his eventful life, he has pursued his honourable and distinguished career. His grand intellect and manly and straightforward course have cast aside all obstacles, and he has marched on with his eye steadily fixed on the goal of what he believed to be right, and his aim directed to the good of his country.

In 1835 our family removed to the neighbourhood of London, and we took up our abode at Gumley House, Isleworth, the residence of an old bed-ridden Aunt of my Mother's, named Angell, of whom we took charge during the brief remainder of her life. It was a beautiful place, but we only lived there three years, a time which to some of us was fraught with care and anxiety, though to the younger members and the children it was full of delight and happiness. They climbed the trees, they fished in the large pond, they led a merry life ; while their education was carried on by their governess, Mary Ann Crowe (now Ringer), with some assistance from a master. We were not far from Richmond, with its lovely scenery, and only a few miles from Hampton Court, which we sometimes visited. Windsor, too, was within a long drive, and

once or twice in the summer we made an excursion thither ; at first in the days of William IV., and afterwards when our present Queen had ascended the throne. We were all loyal subjects, and never tired of seeing the Royal Personages who were about the Court.

But a time of change and trial came. The dear Father was never fitted for affairs of business, and they did not prosper under his hand. His wife's property had also suffered, and at last it became needful to give up his business, and to leave the charming place where we lived, in the autumn of 1838.

Unhappily, the cares and trials of these later years had told grievously on the health of my poor Father, and it failed rapidly ; but we were at that time unaware of the malady that was undermining his strength. Probably the seeds of this decline had been sown some years earlier ; for before we left Coggeshall he had complained of dimness of vision and a distressing affection of his eyes. There was no medical man in our own town on whose judgment much reliance could be placed, on which account my Father consulted a doctor in London, I believe the late Aston Key. He had never seen my Father before, so was unacquainted with his constitutional condition or tendencies, and as he was at that time a fine, and, apparently, robust man, in the very prime of life (forty-two years of age), with the ruddy complexion which residence in the country would give, and as, too, he was rather stout in his habit of body, Mr. Key came to the conclusion that the patient was suffering from plethora of blood, and that it must be reduced at once ; for which reason he ordered him to be cupped freely, fearing, as he said, that an attack of apoplexy was impending. So cupped he was, and a considerable quantity of blood taken ; after which

he came home, with directions to return to London before very long for further consultation. Calomel was also, I believe, administered, both these remedies being at that time so freely used. In due time my Father again visited Aston Key, his condition not being materially improved, and as the medical man still considered there was too much fulness of constitution, another cupping was prescribed and carried out. From this depleting process we believed that our Father never fully recovered; his eyesight became permanently weakened, and his fine healthy look was gone. He grew thin and depressed in spirits, his hair became grey, and the anxiety which he underwent on account of his business affairs found his frame little able to resist the strain which was on him; so that when we left Isleworth he was fatally ill, and lived but five years after his first attack of illness, in 1834.

Circumstances connected with their business took my Father and Mother, accompanied by my Uncle Lewis Allen, to France, in August, 1838, their intention being to stay for only a few days. They landed at Boulogne, but as they did not prefer to remain in that town, they drove inland for a few miles to the little town of Samer, where they took up their abode for a week at the one small hotel of the place. While staying there, my Father was one night attacked with a severe access of his distressing malady, which so alarmed my Mother that she, the next morning, suggested to my Uncle, the desirability of returning to England with the dear invalid as soon as he should be somewhat revived. But Madame Brachet, the landlady of the hotel, was a kind and helpful friend in this emergency. Finding my Mother so greatly distressed, she earnestly begged her to allow her own medical attendant to be sent for, alleging that she felt sure that he could assist the poor foreign stranger and be

a comfort to "Madame ;" and on my Mother assenting to the proposal, a messenger was despatched to request his assistance.

M. Cazin came ; a short, stout man, of about fifty years of age, dressed in a rough style and mounted on his sturdy pony ; not very promising at first sight, but with an intelligent and pleasing face, and with the finished manners of a gentleman. While a young man he had been a military surgeon under the great Napoleon Bonaparte, during the latter part of that monarch's career. He had been at the battle of Wagram, and other engagements, but not in Spain nor in the Russian expedition, and on quitting the army had settled at Calais, where he practised for several years, principally among the English residents. From this circumstance it came to pass that, although he never learned the English language, he was easily understood by his patients, as he made a point of speaking his own tongue with extreme precision and care when conversing with them ; and in this way he had acquired a habit of slow enunciation, and spoke the clearest and most musical French that I ever heard. It was a perfect pleasure to talk to him, and his professional visits were often lengthened into calls of friendship, during which he would pour out from his fine mind long disquisitions on very varied subjects. Sometimes, when we could draw him on to speak freely, he would give us details of the great Emperor under whom he had served, but with whom he had not often come into actual personal contact. He described to us one occasion, in particular, when he had seen Bonaparte standing among a group of his officers, with a map spread out before them ; and related how much he had been astonished at the great rapidity with which Napoleon shewed them what he was intending to do, talking very fast and indicating with his finger from one point to another so quickly that they could scarcely follow him.

At the time when we were living in France, the late Emperor, Louis Napoleon, then a rash young Prince, was making great efforts to obtain a footing among the French people, with the view of being chosen as their ruler ; and I asked M. Cazin, in one of our conversations, whether he should welcome the Prince if he succeeded in his efforts ? His countenance lighted up, his whole frame became animated, and he replied with energy, "Oui ; qu' il vienne ! "

At the time of which I write M. Cazin had been settled for some years at Samer, which I believe was his native place. He was the principal physician there, and Mayor of the town during our residence in it.

Such then was the man who was shewn into the room where my parents were awaiting him. He examined the patient carefully, and then sat down and looked at him for some time, speaking little. At last he began "Vous avez beaucoup éprouvé ; vous avez eu des inquiétudes longues et réitérées, vous avez beaucoup souffert." He then went on to tell them so much of the circumstances which had conduced to the illness that they could only sit in wondering surprise. It was a divination of my Father's case, and was such an evidence of his powers of penetration that they felt confidence in him at once. "But," he continued, "you will be better ; I will give you medicine that will relieve you greatly ;" followed by words of hope and encouragement to the sorrowing wife which fell like balm upon her soul.

The remedies tried acted like a magical charm. The disease, which had never been fairly met before, gave way at once, and in a few days my Father was so much relieved that it seemed desirable for them to prolong their stay beyond the time for which they had originally come to Samer, in

order to be under the care of a medical man who had so completely mastered the case. It was therefore decided, after serious consideration, that as the weather was propitious and the place was pretty and pleasant, my parents should take apartments and remain there for a few weeks. It was not well for them to be left alone, or that my Mother should have the sole care of her dear invalid, and on the return of my Uncle to London, he arranged that my Sister Sarah Angell and my Brother Charles should go to Samer as companions and helpers to my Father and Mother ; and in a few days they set out. Who can describe the delight of the children at this first journey to the Continent ? The more so as but few young people had the novelty and pleasure of a foreign journey in those days. Charles, a boy of fourteen, strode vigorously about the room brandishing his arms and legs, and calling out. " My steam arm ! my steam legs ! " Perhaps that first essay in foreign travel gave him more heart-felt pleasure than any of his many long wanderings in later life.

Before my parents had been at Samer many days, Madame Brachet told them that an English family were living at a Chateau in the outskirts of the town. Whether she informed them of the presence of the invalid gentleman and his wife at her hotel, or how it happened I do not know, but the landlady one morning announced the arrival of " Madame Clifton," and to my Mother's intense astonishment, a Quaker lady, in her peculiar plain garb, entered the room, followed by a stout gentleman, her husband. It was a welcome surprise, and lifted the load from my dear Mother's heart which her lonely position in that strange place had produced. She no longer felt herself so far from her family and kindred now that one of her own religious community had arrived to exchange words of comfort and help. Most kind and sympathetic was the

greeting of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, who communicated enough information about themselves and their family for my parents to feel them friends indeed. They resided at that time at the Chateau du Crocq, with most of their large family of fourteen children

In this manner an acquaintance was begun which lasted during the whole time of our sojourn in France, and a life-long friendship was established between some of the members of the two families.

From what transpired then, and from information gained afterwards, it appeared that Mr. Clifton was a gentleman who had formerly held an appointment under Government at Somerset House, with a salary of £2,000 a year; but that some years before this time, the office which he held had been abolished, a pension being all that he had left for the support of his family and themselves. As they could no longer live in London in the style to which they had been accustomed, they took a house at Boulogne-sur-Mer and resided there for some time, but, after several changes, they ultimately settled in the rambling old chateau at Samer with its large garden surrounding it. Mr. Clifton was a man of resource in his enforced idleness, and devoted himself to the cultivation of his garden, which became very productive under his care and furnished much of the food required for his family. There they dwelt till 1840, in which year Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, with eleven of their children, emigrated to West Australia, and assisted in founding a new colony, where many of them and their numerous descendants still live (1882), though the parents have long been dead.

Mrs. Clifton was born a *Friend*, and was the daughter of Daniel Bell, an uncle of Elizabeth Fry and of Samuel and Joseph John Gurney. In her youth she had little of the proclivities of a

Quaker, and on her marriage with Mr. Clifton she lost her membership in the Society of Friends and became a gay lady of the world. After a period of some years, however, her mind was attracted afresh to the faith of her youth, and in time she not only embraced the Quaker doctrines from conviction, but considered it right to assume the strict garb of a Friend and become a member of their body once more. It was a bitter trial to her husband, at that time a proud man of the world, and his wife's persistence in these views was distasteful to him in the highest degree. He held a good position in fashionable society, and their children were attaining the age at which they would naturally be introduced into its active life, when his wife made this great change in her opinions and appearance, and the elegant mistress of his home became a grave and sober Quaker. He raved, he stormed at her, and even consulted one or two medical men, hoping that they would pronounce her to be insane ; but her fortitude and determination triumphed at last, though so fierce was his anger, that on the occasion of her first appearing before him in the plain bonnet of her sect, he snatched it from her head and cast it on the fire. Her quiet demeanour under his angry outbursts and her perseverance in the course which she believed to be right had their reward at length. He became reconciled to her change, while it raised in him such respect for her character that he, at last, became proud of his wife, and relied much on her advice and clear judgment, dreading her displeasure if at any time it was incurred. She was indeed an admirable woman, and bore the many trials which they underwent in France and in Australia with meekness and Christian resignation.

As there was no place at Samer for Protestant worship, the Cliftons held a morning service in their own drawing room on

Sunday, which was a compromise between them. Mr. Clifton, a strict Churchman, read the morning prayers and lessons of the Church of England, after which a long period of silence took place, during which Mrs. Clifton frequently ministered to the little company after the manner of Friends. Our family party were kindly admitted to partake of their services to our advantage and edification.

Charles and Sarah safely reached Samer, where they found our parents settled in a comfortable apartment in a house in the "place," or open market-place, in the centre of the town. My Father improved much in health, and as the situation and mode of life suited him well, and my Mother fondly hoped that a residence there of a few months would entirely restore him, they decided to send for the rest of their family and to remain there through the winter. As my Father now felt able to undertake the journey, he himself came over to London, intending to take back the children and their nurse, Mary Ann Perfitt, a trusted and much respected young woman who had lived with us several years. He stayed with us some time at Gumley House while the children were preparing for their journey and long stay abroad, and while he and I made the needful arrangements for quitting Isleworth altogether.

When everything was ready, in the early part of October the party set out, I myself being left in England at the house of my Aunts Allen, but why I do not now remember. My Father and the children sailed from London in the steamboat *Adelaide*, one of the regular packets plying between London and Boulogne. It was the last voyage which the vessel was to make that season before leaving off her passages for the winter, and the captain and his friends had made themselves too merry on the occasion, so that by the

time they started he was incompetent to take the charge and command of the ship. On the passage a strong wind and stormy state of the weather came on, which tossed them about severely, and on reaching the harbour of Boulogne, always a difficult port in severe weather, it was found to be impossible to enter. They accordingly put back into the open sea, where they beat about for several hours, trusting that with the next tide they would be fortunate enough to get in. But again their efforts were ineffectual, and it was decided that they should re-cross the Channel to Ramsgate and wait for calmer weather. This was a boon for the miserable passengers, who were by this time nearly starving, for the *Adelaide* was only prepared for a passage of a few hours, and had, therefore, scarcely any provisions on board ; many too had been very ill while beating about for so long at sea. My little brother, Lewis Philip, not five years old, lay sick and helpless in one of the berths, when a violent lunge of the vessel threw him out on to the floor of the cabin, where he lay unable to assist himself, till the poor little fellow was picked up by the steward of the ship. He carried the child in his arms round the cabin, enquiring of the passengers who lay ill or asleep on the sofas if they owned the little boy. No one claimed him, however, till the man approached my Father with the same question, and received the feeble reply, "He is mine," when room was at once made beside him and he was placed in his sheltering arms.

The storm-driven vessel at length was brought to at the pier of Ramsgate, and it was a melancholy set of hungry and shabby passengers, who, with thankful hearts, set foot once more on "terra firma," with the welcome feeling that they should partake of a plentiful meal after their long fasting and troubles.

But they were still a considerable time before reaching their journey's end, and it was not until the morning of the following day that, in another steamboat, they again crossed the Channel and were enabled to enter the harbour of Boulogne and land.

Meantime what had been the feelings of the wife and her two children at Samer? The travellers were expected to arrive on the evening of the day when they left London, and as the hours passed by my Mother's anxiety increased, especially as rumours began to reach them of the terrible storm at sea, and of the non-arrival of the packet at Boulogne. Thus they passed a miserable night. On the next morning a report was current that the *Adelaide* and all on board had been lost. This soon reached the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, who were at once alarmed, lest some neighbours, with more zeal than discretion, and knowing my Mother's great anxiety, should communicate the dreadful news to her. Mr. Clifton, therefore, very kindly repaired to her house, and speaking hopefully to them, restored their drooping spirits, having found, to his relief, that the worst rumours had not yet reached them. With the kindness that he always shewed, he proposed that they should go with him to Boulogne and there hear what they could learn on the spot. So a small phaeton was engaged, in which he drove the three anxious ones to the town, about 11 miles distant; while the compassionate neighbours, knowing how much the poor English sojourners were suffering, watched them depart in the little carriage, heavy hearted as they were at their setting forth.

After they had proceeded a few miles on their way, they met one of the cumbrous and enormous "diligences," which at that time made the journey daily between Boulogne and

Paris, drawn by five or more horses, and crowded with passengers and luggage. It was a blessed meeting to my dear Mother, for as it swung past with its immense bulk, the coachman called out to them, at the top of his voice, "Ils sont arrivés." What a load of distress was taken from them by this simple announcement! The little horse was urged on as fast as he could go; and as they drove past one of the hotels in the town, there stood the travellers, dirty, haggard and worn, but with thankful hearts at their safe deliverance from the storm and its horrors. The poor wife shed tears of joy at the sight of her husband and children, though she afterwards remarked that she could scarcely bear to see the condition they were in.

Thus they all settled in at Samer, the children enjoying the novelty and change, and my Father still maintaining the improvement in his health. Once more he came to England for a few days at the beginning of November, and on the 5th of that month he and I went back to France. Our voyage was more propitious than the previous one had been and we reached Samer duly. It is a small, thoroughly French town, built on a hill surrounded by other hills. It has one large and rather handsome church, and one hotel only of any pretension; and as, in those days of travelling by post or by "diligence," it was the first stage on the great high road to Paris, its material prosperity must have largely depended on the many public conveyances and private travelling carriages which were constantly passing through and changing horses there, all which has ceased since the construction of the railroad which leaves it a little on one side. But it was a cheerful place then; and on two occasions, during the winter that we were there, an English

duke and his suite passed through—the Duke of Buccleugh at one time, and the Duke of Sutherland at another. Amid the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the sharp cracking of the postillions' whips, five carriages and four dashed into the little market place, where they pulled up just under our windows ; and the forty horses and many men and attendants made indeed a lively and merry scene.

The town itself had not much to amuse us. The country round was pretty, and when the paths were not too muddy and dirty we took walks in the neighbourhood. But had it not been for the society of our friends, the Cliftons, we should have found it sadly dull, especially as, after a few weeks, when the cold of winter became more severe, the dear Father sensibly grew worse. Our pleasant doctor paid us frequent visits, but though his treatment caused some remission of the worst symptoms for a while, it was evident that we must prepare for his gradual decline.

We all spent Christmas together previous to the departure for London of the four eldest boys—one to go to business, the others to school—and with them our English servant, who was also going back. It was a melancholy time to some of us, though the children had much mirth over the plum pudding, which we all helped to prepare and cook, much to the wonder of the French servants, who had never seen such a thing before ; and two of the boys sat in the chimney corner of the kitchen to keep the pot up to the boiling point by constantly tending the wood fire to prevent its smouldering and losing its heat.

Shortly after the new year the boys left us, and in a smaller apartment my parents and my Sister and myself, with the children, Emma and Philip, established ourselves, to watch the dear invalid to the close.

The last time he went to Boulogne was to see Charles and Mary Ann Perfitt off for London, but at this time he was scarcely equal to the exertion of riding over in the diligence, or small omnibus, kept by a man in the place named Decotte ; our usual mode of conveyance when we required to go to Boulogne. Our Father became very fatigued and unwell while in the town, and in the evening we started off in the diligence to return to Samer—my Father and Mother, Sarah and myself. Before we had proceeded much more than a mile the conveyance broke hopelessly down, and we could travel in it no farther. It was a great misfortune, for the night was dark and very cold, and we were in terror for its effect on the dear sufferer, who became almost helpless. A cottage by the roadside offered a temporary shelter, and into this Decotte begged us to go till he could procure another vehicle. He knew how ill our Father was, and was most anxious to do all he could to assist us. After a while he drew up with a coach of some kind, which would, however, only take three of the party, and into it we thankfully put our parents, Sarah accompanying them home, while I remained behind. I felt very forlorn and almost in despair till Decotte told me that his covered carrier's cart was behind and would take me up shortly and bring me home. So there I sat in the dimly lighted roadside cottage at Pont de Brique, the village where, many years before, Bonaparte had encamped with his army when threatening to invade England ; the woman who took us in looking as though she wondered whence we came and who we could be. But at length the cart drew up outside the door, and I clambered in, sitting between the driver and a country woman on the front seat, other people and much luggage filling up the back under the tilted cover. The front was

partly curtained in, but did not much protect me, for the bitter wind blew into my face till I thought that I had never felt so cold and miserable before; and as our horse jogged slowly along, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, it was a distressing time, and seemed as though it would never come to an end, the people in the cart keeping up a chatter of provincial French the whole time. At length Samer was reached, about eleven o'clock, where I was thankful enough to arrive, and the rest glad to see me safely back; but it was an experience to be long remembered, especially as our dear invalid was no doubt permanently injured by the fatigue and exposure.

With the exception of the time when we changed our apartments I think he never left the house again. He lost strength pretty steadily after that, suffering much from spasms on his breath and becoming more and more dropsical. An English physician from Boulogne came out to see him, in consultation with M. Cazin, but their opinion was that there was no hope, in fact, that it was only a question of time. The decline was, however, gradual, and sometimes we had to look back for a week or two to discover in what way he had become feebler, or what fresh evidence there was of his increased illness. Our Uncle, Lewis Allen, had once come over from England for a few days, but with that exception, we saw none of our own relations. On one occasion, when my Father was very ill, we had the unexpected comfort and pleasure of a call from Elizabeth Fry and Josiah Forster, who were passing through, with their party, on their way to Paris, and came in for a short time while the horses of their carriage were being changed. Short as the time was, dear Elizabeth Fry sat down with us for a few minutes in our room, and gave a short but sweet address to

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us there. She began: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all," adding that though we, as many more, might perhaps be afraid to call ourselves "the righteous," yet that she might also quote the words, "Blessed is the man whose sin is covered, whose iniquity is forgiven ; blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity," (Ps. xxxii. 1-2) continuing her address in words well fitted to console and sustain our dear parents and us in our trouble.

But the end came at length, and early in April our Father became worse. His mind was somewhat clouded for the last few days, though his wandering thoughts and words were indicative of a religious and pure soul. Once when we were sitting by him he suddenly began : "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children ;" and then added that, years before, he had heard Mary Sanderson (afterwards Fox), preach a sermon on the text. I doubt if he was quite conscious at the time or knew who were with him or where he was ; but his mind had evidently reverted to the past and to his early life.

We had now sent pressing letters to my Uncle Lewis and Aunt Hannah Allen, requesting them to come over immediately if they desired to see their Brother alive. But it was too late. He sank rapidly during the last two days, and expired about noon on the 11th of April, 1839, aged forty-seven.

The intense desolation of that time is beyond description. Our poor Mother was prostrate with grief and fatigue. Sarah, aged seventeen, and myself, aged twenty-one, were, for a short period, the only people to act and take charge of her and the children, and the anxiety was terrible while we waited for our Uncle and Aunt to come. What then was our relief when our

Aunt arrived the next morning, and, not long after, our Uncle. They took the burden of making the final arrangements off us, though as they did not speak much French, they were compelled to communicate through us with the people round.

Those who have never gone through the melancholy experience can little imagine the trials attendant on the death of an Englishman in a foreign land, nor the many difficulties which arise in connection with it. In a country where the prevailing religion is Roman Catholic the obstacles to be overcome are much increased, especially when, as in our own case, we desired to carry the remains of our dear relative to England for burial. The French law requires that the interment shall take place in 48 hours after death; and where, as at Samer, there is no cemetery, but that attached to the Catholic Church, the difficulty to Protestants becomes insurmountable. Our nearness to the port of Boulogne removed much of the difficulty in some ways, while the fortunate circumstance that our medical friend was at that time Mayor of the place, enabled us to carry out our arrangements at Samer in whatever manner we thought best. English assistance was to be procured at Boulogne, and in this way our trial was rendered less oppressive. Still there was much for us to do ourselves in breaking up our home of several months, and leave to be taken of many kind friends and helpers in our sorrow, before our melancholy party set forth for the last time from Samer and embarked at Boulogne for London. There we were kindly received by our excellent Aunts at Stoke Newington, and on Sunday, the 21st April, 1839, in the now long disused and dismal graveyard at Ratcliff, in the East-end of London, we laid our dear Father to rest by the side of his parents, who had preceded him so many years before.

One slight memorial may be added in connection with our residence at Samer, not that it bears on our own family history, but that it incidentally shews the estimation in which, at that time, the old soldiers of the "Grand Armée" still held the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We were in the habit of occasionally employing a working carpenter, named Luzon, when we required assistance in that way, and it became known to us that he had formerly been a soldier, and had passed through some of the later campaigns of the Emperor. We therefore were interested in talking to him sometimes about his old commander, and were surprised to see the man make the sign of the cross every time the name of Bonaparte was mentioned. Curiosity led us to enquire the reason of this singular proceeding, when, lifting his eyes reverentially to Heaven, he replied,

"Le bon Dieu, il est le premier, mais l'Empereur est le second."

There can be no doubt that this was the manner in which thousands of the men of the "Grande Armée" regarded the Emperor, even after he had been dead for many years, and this illustration, thus unconsciously given, may be taken as an evidence of what so many felt.

As regards the Marsh family, a member of which became the wife of John Allen (my Grandfather), I have much less to record than of the Allens. Of the earlier generations whose names have come down to us I know absolutely nothing. They seem to have been natives of Folkestone, in Kent, and I have an idea that some of them led a seafaring life; but on what account, and when, my great Grandfather, Thomas Marsh, removed to Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, I fear there is no information to be obtained. One branch of the

family, at any rate, must have remained at Folkestone, for even in my own lifetime we had distant Quaker connections of that name living there. I have an impression that Thomas Marsh was a chemist, which may be one reason why he settled at Hitchin. There a large family was born, both of sons and daughters, though many of them removed to London afterwards. Thomas Marsh married, as his first wife, Hannah Patteson. This family I conclude to have been also a Kentish one, as her brother lived at Canterbury, where he carried on business as a tailor, being an old-fashioned worthy member of the Society of Friends, much respected by his fellow townsmen for his upright and honourable life. A niece of Hannah Patteson married Thomas Nickalls, of Seabrook, on the coast of Kent, and left children, from only one of whom are there descendants now living. A sister of Hannah Patteson married Edward Wilkinson, one of whose daughters was married to David Ricardo, the great political economist.

Thomas Marsh married secondly, in 1776, Ann Healey, whose sister, Hannah Healey, became the wife of his own eldest son, in 1773. Another of the sisters, named Deborah, was married in 1760, at Ratcliff meeting, to Thomas, afterwards *Sir* Thomas Coxhead, who, though he was originally a Quaker, lost his membership in consequence of the irregular life he led. He was knighted because, while serving the office of Sheriff of London, he formed part of a deputation to George III. to congratulate him on his escape from attempted assassination. Lady Coxhead, his wife, always wore the strict garb of a plain Friend, and in conformity with the severe rules of the body, was addressed as plain *Deborah* Coxhead; though I have heard those say, who knew her, that she was always extremely gratified when her title

was made use of in speaking to her. My Uncle, Lewis Allen, was at school at Epping, where the Coxheads lived, and near which place Sir Thomas had considerable property ; and he used to relate that, with the keen wittedness of a schoolboy, he always addressed her as *Lady Coxhead*, which probably insured more gratuities and invitations to her house in consequence, though by the marriage connection with her family he could have called her *Aunt*.

There is little to note of the family of Thomas Marsh. They were Friends in the middle station of life, who brought up numerous children respectably, of whom many descendants still survive ; but among them there are scarcely any who stand prominently out before the rest. A large family, named May, emigrated to South Australia many years ago, and have taken root there.

But though the race of Marshes kept, for the most part, an uneventful course, they were amiable, home-loving, and domestic, filling their places as "Citizens of no mean city"—London—industrious and religious, loving wives and husbands, careful to train up their children to follow in their steps, and acquiring for themselves a modest competence which they transmitted to their descendants. Of these latter the fate has been varied ; some have attained to more or less of opulence ; others have been less fortunate, while none have become famous. But it is on such as these that the strength of England rests ; steady people, abounding in common sense, firm of purpose and of good principles ; men who go forward on their even way looking to the performance of their duties as the great object of their life, and leaving it to the more ardent and talented spirits to come forward and lead the rest.

There was a considerable amount of humour in some of the

Marshes, of which many amusing stories were related in the family, but as a whole "they kept the even tenor of their way," both mentally and socially, as much as any family whom I have known.

William Marsh, a brother of my Grandmother, and his wife were sorely tried by the loss of their children, for of their family of five, four died from scarlet-fever in as many successive weeks, and it was feared that they would not have one left to cheer their grieving hearts. One son was spared to grow up to manhood, and died in a good old age, leaving sons who have descendants living. I can just remember this Uncle, William Marsh, and his wife, and of her my recollection is that of a sorrowful and grave woman, who mourned her departed loved ones. She wore a muslin cap shaped like a turban, which struck my childish fancy, and is probably the reason why I remember her at all.

Mary Marsh, the second wife and widow of my great Uncle, Samuel Marsh, lived till 1847, and we were intimate with her and her family. She was a refined, superior woman, a minister among Friends, and two of her amiable daughters are still living (1882), Rebecca Stephens, aged eighty-four, and Mary Longdon, aged eighty, both widows, the latter with children and grandchildren. They are nearly the last of their generation, and I suppose that few of us, who belong to the next, can remember so many of that which has preceded it as myself. I stand, as it were, between the living and the dead, having known so many of those who are gone, that to me they still seem sentient, moving beings; while to the younger branches who are living and moving round me, represented by my own children and their descendants, these departed ancestors, collateral and direct, are mere shadowy images or altogether unknown. The generations of man

dovetail into each other, silently and constantly changing, and passing, one after another, into the dim regions of the past ; a fact with which I am, perhaps, more especially struck when looking back on this large family with its many predecessors and numerous descendants.

The family of Patteson, from whom my great Grandmother came, was connected, in some of its branches, with the Wilkinsons, her sister having married a doctor of that name. Edward Wilkinson's daughter Priscilla, married David Ricardo, as I have said before, the celebrated financier and political economist, a man of great wealth. They had several children, of whom one son, David, lived at Gatcombe, in Gloucestershire, which estate is now in the possession of his Grandson. Priscilla Ricardo was a handsome, but very proud woman. I have heard my Mother say that for many years she continued to attend the Friends' Meeting at Ratcliff, and how much she was admired as she swept grandly and proudly up the meeting, followed by her fine, elegant daughters. At the death of her husband Mrs. Ricardo was left with a handsome income, £3,000 per annum, but to her, who had lived in a princely style, beyond what this jointure would afford or permit her to continue, it seemed a great change, and she angrily declared that she should not have money enough to keep her from the workhouse ! How long she lived to pine on her diminished means I do not know.

Fanny, sister to Mrs. Ricardo, married Moses Ricardo, but whether a brother of David I cannot tell ; and two of his sisters married in succession a nephew of Priscilla and Fanny Ricardo, named William Wilkinson. The Ricardos were wealthy, and of such status in society, that they considered themselves superior to the family of Wilkinson, and a droll story is related in connection with this

marriage. The two sisters were sitting together one day, when a note was brought in for one of them, which proved to be an offer of marriage from William Wilkinson. She read it to herself, but on enquiry from her sister as to its purport, informed her of its contents. "Well," said the latter, "that is soon answered, for of course you will refuse him; you will not think of accepting him;" adding some terms of disparagement. But the lady still sat quietly considering the letter, and took no notice of the remark; on which her sister again spoke; "Of course that is soon answered, there can be only one reply; give me the paper and pen, and I will write it for you." The young lady then said, "Stop a bit, I am not so sure about it." "What can you mean?" returned the other, "you surely do not mean to have him!" "Yes, I do," said her sister. And in due time she became the wife of the writer of the letter. They lived together for a few years, during which children were born to them, but their married life was not of very long duration; and singularly enough, in course of time, Mr. Wilkinson was accepted by his sister-in-law as her husband, such marriages being not then so strongly prohibited as they have since become. This is the family who claim to possess the head of Oliver Cromwell, in an embalmed state. But some controversy exists as to whether it is really the head of the Protector, as others have been preserved in different families, which are put forward as the true one. Whether either of them has been undeniably proved to be the veritable relic is not certain, but the belief of the Wilkinsons in their own has never been shaken. It has unfortunately reached a state of deterioration, which will soon end in decay.

Three daughters of William Patteson, of Canterbury, married, one, as before said, to Thomas Nickalls, another to

her Cousin Josiah Wilkinson, whose son married the Misses Ricardo, and the third, Elizabeth, to Samuel Weetch, of London. Samuel and Elizabeth Weetch lived till after I grew up, and I have often been at their house. He was a linendraper in a good business when they married, but on an unfortunate occasion he allowed his policy of insurance from fire to expire, and before he had renewed it, his premises and all that they contained were burnt down, and his prospects were entirely blighted. He never recovered from the blow, and when I knew him, was an old and querulous man, infirm and finally paralysed, and a trial to those about him. They had many children, eleven in all, several of whom died in childhood. Three or four lived to grow up, but delicate and consumptive, and all died in the lifetime of their parents. Elizabeth Weetch had been a very handsome woman, and traces of her beauty remained even in her old age, her features never having lost their regularity of form. Some of her children had been singularly lovely, the only one whom I ever knew, a daughter, being a beautiful girl; but she faded gradually away like the rest, and the stricken Mother was left alone with her feeble old husband, who had never been the chosen of her heart, if family tradition told the truth. Her affections had been early fixed on a first cousin, but as the strict Quaker discipline forbids marriage between such near relations, they were never allowed to follow their inclinations and to marry. The loss of all her children and narrow pecuniary circumstances had embittered the much tried soul, and given a fretfulness to her voice and an asperity to her look, which betokened a broken spirit and a sorrowful heart. She had a good house of her own in Stepney Causeway, then a respectable street, but now a dismal place indeed; and the house is transformed into a tavern and gin

palace. There she increased their scanty means by letting out part of the house, and there I have stayed from time to time, when in London, during our residence in Essex. My Aunts, Hannah, Eliza and Ann Allen, occupied the apartments in "Cousin Weetch's" house, and we visited them there. They made it their home for some years, during the time which elapsed between the death of their Mother, and their settlement at Stoke Newington, in 1832; and while they had their own private sitting-room, they made one family with the Weetches in other respects. I can look back and remember how, as a girl, I disliked the poor paralytic man, and the sorrow-stricken and unlovely woman. To me they were only what I saw them then, struggling with difficulty in so many ways, mere wrecks of themselves. Now I can enter into what that poor, dismal, unhappy creature must have gone through; can feel how the streams of affection must have been cut off and dried up; how the remembrance of her many lost children must have gradually turned her heart, like Niobe's, to stone, which even the consolations of Christianity could not wholly soften; and in every line of her suffering expression of face, and every tone of her fretful voice can see that they were the outcome of one long life sorrow, deepening as years went on, and as one of her beloved ones after another passed away from her sight. Alas! it is but one among thousands of similar miseries, which had their melancholy day and have passed out of remembrance for ever!

My Mother was the daughter of Samuel Harris, by his wife Elizabeth Belch, and was born on the 1st September, 1788, at Ratcliff, in London.

The first of the Harris family, of whom we have any record,

was John Harris, probably a Quaker, whose name appears as a signatory of a marriage certificate in 1665. About the same time died one Kimborough Harris, a *widow*, on the 18th November, 1667, who was buried in the graveyard at Long Compton, Oxfordshire. She had a son, John, who went to America, and "subsequently returned in the habit and with the usages of a sailor, so much altered that his Mother, who took her knitting and went to the Red Lion to give him the meeting, did not recognise him as her son. It seems the aforesaid married a person of the name of Skey or Skay, and settled at Long Compton as a tailor. They had several children beside our immediate ancestor, who was a shoemaker. A son, William Harris, went to America in or about 1714, and died there in 1715. In letters from him mention is made of a sister Kimborough and family, also a brother Edward, whether own brother, or husband of Kimborough, does not appear." *Note by John Harris, of Wapping.*

Several others of the Harris family are mentioned in the family records.

My Grandfather, Samuel Harris, was apparently the great Grandson of the above-named Kimborough Harris, through her son John, and was born on the 22nd September, 1741. What induced him so far to launch out into life as to go to London and leave his unsophisticated home, I never heard. The first circumstance that I know of his life is that he was a clerk in the large banking house of Smith and Payne, the Smith being Thomas Smith, a Friend, the father of two daughters, one of whom afterwards married Thomas Fox, of Wellington, and the other, Samuel Tregelles, of Falmouth. My Grandfather was an upright and honourable man in business, as well as a consistent Quaker, greatly respected by the firm. He was more than forty years of age when he

became engaged to his future wife, whose mother, before she gave her consent to the marriage, requested from his employers some testimony as regarded his general character. In reply to her enquiries, Thomas Smith informed her that so highly did he esteem her intended son-in-law, that, had he asked him for one of his own daughters for his wife, he should have consented at once to his proposal.

They were married in 1783. My great Grandmother had long been a widow, and, after the death of her husband, in 1765, had continued to carry on the business of corn-dealer, in which he had been engaged. When, however, Samuel Harris married her last remaining single daughter, he took over the business from Mary Belch and continued in it for many years until, in 1809, having realized a good fortune, he retired from it, and lived at Brentford, near London, till his death, in 1816.

My Grandmother was about twenty-nine at the time of her marriage, and must have possessed more charms than at the period when I knew her. She became, in later life, extremely deaf and was very feeble, and her mind, not naturally strong, had then lost its tone in proportion to the weakness of her bodily powers. It was said that her brain had received a permanent shock from a fright which was given her when at school, through the tricks of some ill-disposed or thoughtless schoolfellow, who terrified one of the poor girls into a succession of fits, and injured my Grandmother's intellect to some extent. But she had probably been a pleasing looking, lively girl, if we might judge by some of the stories of her early life which she could relate to us in her brighter moments. She used to laugh while she told us that her husband would jestingly say that she never told him that she would marry him until she went to the Monthly Meeting and in-

formed the Friends there. She also would tell us that, in the days when they were married, it was necessary for the intending husband and wife to present themselves *six times* before a public assembly of Quakers, in order that their consent to the marriage should be obtained, without which it could not be accomplished. This complicated proceeding was rendered needful, because at that time no marriage ceremony was strictly legal except such as was conducted according to the rites of the Established Church. It was, therefore important that the marriage of Quakers should be as public as possible, if they would carry it out in conformity with their conscientious convictions; and by their persistence in this course of action, year after year, for a long period, the Society of Friends, at length, obtained from the Legislature its sanction for their proceedings and the acknowledgment of their legality, a privilege which was in due time extended to other bodies of Dissenters. Thus did our ancestors pave the way for toleration in this and other respects, and fight boldly for liberty of conscience for themselves and the community at large.

It may be interesting, in connection with the subject of early Quaker marriages, and as an illustration of the great care which was taken to make them public and to celebrate them in due form, even before the state had made them legal, to subjoin an exact copy of the certificate which was used on the occasion of the marriage of Joseph Belch with Ann Marsh, in 1700.

"Joseph Belch, of Newgate Street, London, Drugest, Son of George Belch, Late of Charlywood, in the County of Hartford, Yeoman, Deceased, and Susannah, his Wife, him Surviving, And Ann Marsh, of Martin's Lane, London, Daughter of Ralph Marsh, late of Snow Hill, Pewterer, Deceased.

"Having Declared their Intentions of taking each other in Marriage

"before several Publick Meetings of the People of God called Quakers in London, according to the Good Order used among them, whose Proceedings therein, after a deliberate consideration thereof (with regard unto the Righteous Law of God, and Example of His People Recorded in the Scriptures of Truth in that Case), were approved by the said Meetings, they appearing Clear of all others, and having consent of Parent and Relations Concerned.

"Now these are to Certifie All whom it may Concern, That for the full accomplishing of their said Intentions, this Fifteenth day of the Eighth Month, called October, in the Year, according to the English Account, One Thousand Seven Hundred, They, the said Joseph Belch and Ann Marsh appeared in a Publick Assembly of the aforesaid People, and others met together for that end in their Publick Meeting-place at Bull and Mouth in London and in a Solemn Manner, he the said Joseph Belch taking the said Ann Marsh by the Hand did openly declare as followeth, "Friends in the fear of the Lord and in the presence of this Assembly whom I desire to be my witnesses I take this my dear friend Ann Marsh to be my wife, promising through the Lord's assistance to be to her a loving and faithfull Husband till it shall please the Lord by Death to Separate Us."

"And then and there in the said Assembly, the said Ann Marsh did in like manner declare as followeth, 'friends in the fear of the Lord and in the presence of this Assembly whom I desire to be my witnesses I take this my dear friend Joseph Belch to be my Husband Promising through the assistance of the Lord to be to him a faithfull and loving Wife untill it shall please the Lord by Death to Separate Us.'"

"And the said Joseph Belch and Ann Marsh as a further Confirmation thereof, did then and there to these Presents set their Hands. And we, whose Names are hereunto Subscribed, being present among others, at the Solemnizing of their said Marriage and Subscription, in manner aforesaid, as Witnesses hereunto, have also to these Presents Subscribed our Names, the Day and Year above-written.

(Signea)	{ JOSEPH BELCH,
	{ ANN MARSH.
(Mother)	SUSANNA BELCH.
	MARY SELWOOD,
Brothers	{ JOHN BELCH,
	{ HENRY BELCH,
and	{ THOMAS BELCH,
Sisters.	{ ALICE BELCH,
	{ MARCY BELCH."

And many other relatives and friends.

My Grandfather filled the position of an Elder in his own religious body, and was a charming and amiable man, the object of great veneration and love from his two daughters,

from my dear Mother especially, as she remained unmarried much longer than her sister, my aunt Sarah Knight. They were the only children of the marriage, except one son who died in infancy, and were the delight of their parents. They were nearly of an age, and devoted to each other, and grew up elegant and pretty girls, being so much alike that, in after life, the children of one were always happy with the other, almost as a second mother. Each had eleven children, eight sons and three daughters.

Samuel and Elizabeth Harris lived at Ratcliff, a demoralized and miserable place now, but at that time one of much business, and a respectable locality and well thought of. Their house was at the place of business, in a street called the Highway, not very far from the river side. In this neighbourhood, not many years after their marriage, occurred in 1794 the largest fire that ever happened in London since that of 1666. It spread through many streets, moving along on both sides of the way, and consumed more than 500 houses, rendering nearly two thousand people homeless and destroying vast quantities of property. It originated from the boiling over of a cauldron of pitch through the carelessness of the person who was watching it. And when once it had taken hold of the buildings it spread furiously, and, for a time, irresistibly, but, happily, as it was in the day-time, scarcely any lives were lost. It began at a considerable distance from my Grandfather's house, and as he had little or no idea that it would reach his own premises, he spent his time and his efforts in assisting those whose houses were being consumed. In this way the time passed over until he found, to his dismay, that his own dwelling was in danger, and that after his labour on behalf of others it was time for him to try to save some of his own property. But it was too late.

My Grandmother had been away in the city on business and was about to return home, when some of her friends, at a house where she had called in, prevented her from attempting it. They informed her that her house was already on fire, and that she must necessarily remain where she was, though she was in great distress of mind from her fears for her husband and two little children. Late at night the former appeared, black with smoke and wearied with his exertions, and the poor woman burst into tears when she saw him, thankful, at last, to find that he was unhurt. He assured her that the little girls were safe, having been carried away, without their bonnets, in a baker's cart, to the house of a friend; such was the haste with which they were removed from the scene of danger. My Mother could just recollect it, and also that before they were considered to be really in safety, they had been taken from one place to another as the fire came burning on, till they were at length left in a house where no fear of its ravages was entertained. Scarcely any of their property was saved, and that of the most insignificant description. The business premises, their dwelling-house and household furniture had perished; for in my Grandfather's efforts to help his neighbours, his own interests had been forgotten. He was, however, well insured, and afterwards rebuilt the place in a better style and lived there till he retired from business.

Some curious incidents were related as having happened during the alarm which prevailed, showing how apt people are to lose their presence of mind on such occasions. My Grandmother was of a thrifty disposition, and inclined to take care of her money; and she had saved 80 golden guineas, which were carefully locked up in a drawer of the looking-glass, which stood on her dressing table. Her husband knew

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that they were there, and of course was anxious to save them from the fire ; but unfortunately he had not the key of the drawer, and could not open it. It would be thought that a man of his usually cool and sensible temperament, would take up the looking-glass itself, and carry it and the money off together ; but his common sense had so deserted him that, as he could not unlock the drawer, he left the guineas to their fate ; and when they were sought for in the ruins after, only a mass of molten gold could be found. So little can even the wisest people predict how they will act in times of difficulty and danger ! One of their own servants exhibited similar want of thought. The girl had, shortly before, bought a pair of new stays, which she was anxious to save from the fire ; but it did not occur to her to take them away in her hand, so she took the trouble to undress and to change the old pair which she had on for the new one, though the danger was becoming greater every minute. A woman in one of the burning houses was found with a row of her flowers in pots outside the window, deliberately throwing down one after another into the street below. From the fright which she underwent at this time, and from one or two other alarms of fire, which my Mother went through, she entertained an extreme dread of it all through her life, such as I have scarcely known in anyone else, and some of her family inherit the same fear to some extent.

As he was a man in easy circumstances, and fond of travelling, my Grandfather was accustomed to take his wife and daughters into the country every summer. The continent of Europe was closed to the English during all those years, so that their rambles never extended beyond the sea ; but they journeyed over the principal parts of their own land, and there was scarcely a county in England into which they

did not go, at one time or another, nor any considerable ruin or place of importance that they did not visit in the course of their travels. Many were the delightful memories and associations which my Mother delighted to recall and to relate to us ; and in these days of hasty journeys by road and railway, passing by places which we have neither time nor opportunity to explore, one almost longs for such a tour in a carriage and with horses of one's own, making easy stages from day to day, and turning aside whenever some object of interest offers a reason for leaving the beaten track. They travelled in what was then called a *chaise*, a hooded vehicle on two wheels, drawn by one horse. My Grandfather had one constructed to hold four persons, and with their fine chestnut horse, "Whitefoot," they made long and delightful excursions. On one of their summer trips they were from home ten weeks, during which they drove more than a thousand miles ; and, to the satisfaction of his master, Whitefoot trotted up to the door of their own home on their return, as fresh and in as good condition as on the day he left it. He outlived his master, and I think I can just remember having seen him, when I was a little child, before a friendly bullet put an end to his aged, and then decrepit existence. Let us not, in the records of the past, forget the faithful animals who ministered to the comfort and pleasure of their possessors, my Grandfather Allen's "Jumper," and my Grandfather Harris' "Whitefoot," two as fine horses as any masters could desire to have.

The Harris party met with an occasional adventure by the way ; as when once, on entering Birmingham, they involuntarily fell into the train of a great public procession. Lord Nelson, after one of his great victories, was receiving a welcome from the inhabitants of that town ; and my Grand-

father found it impossible to extricate his chaise from the line of carriages, and from the crowd which followed the great admiral, so that they were compelled to form part of the procession. It was no small mortification to the young girls to appear in such a public spectacle, for the cocked hat and plain garb of the Quaker, and peculiar bonnet of his wife, made them conspicuous amidst the throng.

Once in two years their excursion took them to Long Compton, to visit the Brother of my Grandfather, Thomas Harris, a man in whom there was indeed no guile, and whom I have heard my Mother describe as a peculiarly excellent and pure minded person. He lived in a simple style befitting the small country village in which he dwelt, and to the girls there was a great charm in the freedom of the life and the delightful country surroundings. Whitefoot was used while there as a riding horse, and my Grandfather would mount him in the old fashioned way, with an ancient pillion strapped on behind, on which, when one of his daughters had seated herself, they explored the neighbourhood and had many a delightful ride, the young ladies being charmed and amused with the, to them, novel mode of locomotion.

In after years, when my Grandfather was dead, and my Mother married, she and my Father would in like manner visit the aged Uncle, and renew the associations and intercourse of her youth. To them the primitive ways of Long Compton were a source of much amusement, and my Mother has told me of the merry laughter they indulged in, when, on one occasion, they were expected to retire to bed, like children, before the evening had closed in, and how absurd it was to be there while it was still daylight.

My Grandfather died on the 10th of January, 1816, shortly

before my Mother was married. He was seventy-five years of age, and hale and hearty till within a few months of his death. As he was a man of leisure, and had a large garden attached to his dwelling house, he found pleasure and advantage in bestowing much personal care on it and his premises in general, and was one day engaged on some steps in this way, when they gave way and he fell to the ground. "The force of the fall," to quote my Mother's words, in a brief sketch, which she afterwards wrote, of his last days, "was received on the hip, which sustained an injury that was never entirely recovered from. For a considerable time my dear Father was unable to walk, or even to leave his room; the doctors lowered him exceedingly by bleeding, blistering, leeches and medicine, which so far reduced his constitution that all their efforts could never afterwards restore it again to its former vigour, although in degree he recovered some of his accustomed activity. At first the joints were so stiff that he required great assistance even to turn in bed; after some days, however, he was able to be got up, and, by the help of crutches, to move about a little and get into another room." During the summer, change of air was resorted to as a remedial measure, and for a while with excellent effect; for his strength increased, and his limb so far recovered power that first one crutch and then the other was thrown aside, giving his friends a reasonable hope that his life might yet be spared for some years. But the improvement was of short duration, and in the Autumn it became evident that the treatment to which he had been subjected had permanently injured his health. One symptom after another showed that disease had manifested itself in his constitution, and the advice of the most skilful medical men of that day failed to arrest his decline. He quietly expired as he sat on

the sofa in his dining room, which he had just entered in readiness for breakfast. His daughter had spoken to him a few minutes before, and he had answered her as usual, without showing any sign of increased illness, but a stroke of apoplexy closed his life without pain or struggle.

The loss of this much loved parent was a severe one to my Mother, who has told me that had not her own marriage been so immediately in prospect, she should have felt it to be almost more than she could bear. The dear old Uncle came to the funeral of his Brother, and in his loving and earnest manner, took the hands of herself and her betrothed into his own and blessed them solemnly before he parted from them.

My Grandmother survived her husband for 17 years, and died on the 8th of October, 1833, aged seventy-nine. During the later years of her life she had relinquished housekeeping for herself and resided with one of her daughters; sometimes with my Aunt Sarah Knight, in London, but principally with us, at Coggeshall. A pretty cottage, adjoining our own house, was fitted up for her, and there, while living with us, she passed her declining days peacefully, spending as much of her time as she pleased in our family circle, or remaining alone in her pleasant apartments. Her health had been fairly good, considering her advanced age, when one evening, as she sat by the fireside in our dining room, she was suddenly seized with severe spasms in the chest. She was at once conveyed to her room and medical help obtained. But all efforts to relieve her proved unavailing, and she died on the following afternoon. Her remains were taken to Isleworth, near Brentford, and in the burial ground attached to the small meeting house she was interred by the side of her husband.

I have said that my Grandmother was of a thrifty dis-

position, perhaps it might in some instances be characterized as penurious ; at the same time, like so many others with a similar tendency, she was much given to buying what she considered to be *bargains*, and a singular collection of small goods was found after her death. It did not occur to the good lady that while hesitating to spend money over what was really needed, the buying of so called *bargains* which she did not require, because they happen to be cheap in themselves, was actually a waste of money. Had she seen the question in this light, she might have been deterred from the practice, for against waste in other respects she had a very strong feeling, an example of which may be cited.

It happened that one day, in the process of clearing a shelf in a closet, she came upon a phial containing Antimonial wine, which was doubtless kept for the benefit of such people as had colds. Why she did not let it remain there I cannot tell ; perhaps she wanted the bottle for other purposes,—I do not know—but at any rate she poured the contents into a wine glass and set it by, unwilling, doubtless, that it should be wasted. Before long a young nephew, who was staying in the house, entered the room, when his Aunt, glass in hand, said to him, “ John, wouldst thou like a glass of wine.” “ Thank thee, Aunt,” replied the youth, and, taking the glass, drank it off at once. Poor woman ! how she chuckled over the thought that the medicine had not been thrown away, never heeding the effect which it might have upon him.

But as time passed on the medicine did its work, and poor John was soon *hors de combat* for some hours with a malady for which he could not account, till someone, who had seen the whole transaction, informed him of the trick which had been played upon him, and great was his wrath at having been so taken in.

For once my Grandmother had got "more than she bargained for." For, after the effect of the wine had passed off, John appeared at dinner in such a ravenous state of appetite that he felt as if he could clear the table of the whole of its contents; and when he had devoured an extra amount of food, he said to his Aunt, "You thought you would not waste your Antimonial wine, but the consequence of giving it to me is that I have eaten twice as much as I should have done, so you have saved nothing by it."

One or two curious incidents were related of the old lady's bargains. Her *penchant*, not unfrequently, was to invest money at brokers' shops; and it chanced as she passed one on a certain day, that her eye fell on the stopper of a decanter which was for sale by itself. It was too pretty for her to lose the chance of buying, so she paid the money which was asked for it, and put it in her pocket, thinking that it would come into use some day. What was it to her that her friends laughed at and derided her when she shewed it at home? Nothing daunted, she bided her time. Long after, when out for a walk, the good woman looked into a broker's shop which fell in her way, and what should she see but a decanter for sale minus its stopper? So she stepped into the shop and secured it at once, for she thought to herself, "perhaps that will fit my stopper at home." Back she went with her bargain and produced it to the home circle. The stopper was brought forth to be tried, and what was then the surprise and amusement of the party to find that it was a case of lost and found, and that the decanter and stopper were old acquaintances and fitted to a T!

It is many years since my Grandmother departed from this world of strange things, but the story of her decanter has been handed down to her descendants as one of the odd coincidences which sometimes happen.

Before I quit the history of my Harris ancestors, I will add a few words indicative of the spirit of that period. My Grandfather was in the corn trade, and during the great war in the early part of this century, a strange and unaccountable delusion took hold of the common people, which induced them to believe that the then very high price of bread was brought about by the Quakers in their transactions on the Corn Market. It led to some difficulty with them, and it was sometimes scarcely safe for "Friends" to appear on the Corn Exchange; and as many of the Essex Quakers were either farmers or millers, they were in the habit of going there every week. My Grandfather ran some risk of unpleasant treatment there at times, and a "Friend" from Chelmsford, named Joseph Marriage, was one day so set upon by the people outside, that he was obliged to go into a house near at hand, and there change his clothes for some which a kind neighbour lent to him. By so doing he escaped through the angry crowd.

The Belch family, from whom my Grandmother Harris came, was an ancient one, and we possess some records of it from the time of Henry VIII., though they are very bare and meagre. They appear to have been men of some substance, living on their own property, as the first of whom we have any record became possessed of the manor of Beconsin at Rickmansworth, in the County of Hertfordshire, which, and an Estate named Hammonds in the same County, remained in the family for several generations. The first recorded Belch was living in 1552, about which time he probably died.

When any of them first became Quakers is not known, but it must have been at an early date of the Society, as I possess a manuscript copy of a sermon of William Penn, which was taken down by a Thomas Belch, after hearing it preached at

Gracechurch Meeting, in White Hart Court, London ; and I also have a letter to the above Thomas Belch from his mother, from which it would appear that she was not only a " Friend," but one of weighty character.

I received a cup, when a child, from one of my great Aunts, on which is engraved, "T. Belch, 1737," which I believe to have belonged to my great Grandfather. It is of the time of William and Mary, and bears a figure of Britannia as one of its trademarks, which mark was imprinted only during their reign, and on a limited quantity of plate. The silver was of a peculiarly good quality, and of that standard but little is now in existence.

My great Grandfather, Thomas Belch, married Mary Batt, a woman who must have been of superior character and much esteemed by her friends. She appears to have taken much part in the affairs of the Society of " Friends," if we may judge from the records of Ratcliffe Monthly Meeting which have come down to us. She was one of a deputation of " women Friends" who went to the Palace to congratulate Queen Charlotte on the birth of her first child, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and who were permitted a sight of the royal infant. Of this circumstance may we not say that, judged by the light of subsequent history, there is a certain bitter irony in reading of " congratulations" at the birth of such a man ?

Mary Belch must have been a woman of much ability in many ways, for after her husband's death, in 1765, she carried on the corn business, which she transferred to my Grandfather, Samuel Harris, in 1783. She lived some years after that, and probably resided with them till her death, in 1792—3. On examination of the records of the Monthly Meeting of Ratcliffe, to which I have not access before 1755, I find that she was at that time an active and esteemed member, and

evidently one on whose judgment much reliance was placed. From 1755 till 1787, since which time I do not discover her name in the account of the proceedings, she was a constant and influential attender of the Church meetings. After that year she was probably prevented by failing health from taking much part with her friends.

Before I quit the notice of Thomas and Mary Belch, I will quote a portion of a letter which is in my possession, and which was addressed to their daughter, Sarah Angell, respecting the death of her Father, by a valued minister of religion, named William Tomlinson, whom my Aunts Hannah and Ann Allen remembered as having seen him in their youth. The testimony which he bears to the character of my great Grandfather is so valuable, that in the absence of any other personal record of him, it is well to adduce this. It is as follows :—

RESPECTED FRIEND,

As I had not an opportunity to see thee yesterday, I take the liberty to write what I perhaps should have told thee. I would not renew thy grief, and hope thou wilt be favoured with fortitude enough to bear the mention of one, that hardly a day passes but I think of, I mean thy Father. Our affection for each other was so sincere and our friendship so strong, that I believe I shall remember him so long as I live, and I earnestly desire my future life may be such, that I may obtain admittance into that state of eternal felicity which it was his greatest concern to obtain. My love for him induces me to allow to thee and thy husband the same claim to all the rights of true friendship which he was most justly entitled to and I now desire that if I can at any time afford you friendly assistance, you will apply for it with the same freedom as if I was Thomas Belch's own Brother. * * *

Thy Friend,

WILLIAM TOMLINSON.

Hoxton Square, 4th mo., 15th, 1768.

Thomas and Mary Belch had four daughters, viz :—

Sarah, who married Benjamin Angell, in 1767.

Benjamin Angell died in 1817, and his wife on 8th October, 1835, having had no children.

Ann, married to John Burgess, in 1775. She died young, and of three children who survived her, one only has left descendants; a family named Payne, of whom we have lost sight entirely.

Mary, married to John Barwick, in 1780. She became a widow and left no children.

From what little I have heard of her, I believe she was a lively and pleasing person, living in widowhood for some years. But while charming as a companion, she was not gifted with much faculty for domestic management, and her household affairs were sadly deficient in order and neatness; which was a source of trial to some of her near relatives, and I think was the most abiding impression that remained in my Mother's mind. Still those who saw her less intimately could testify, as did my Aunts H. and A. Allen, that she was one of the most agreeable women they had known. Her singularly neat and orderly elder sister, Sarah Angell, was deeply tried by her neglect of the domestic element, and was not slow to show her displeasure on this account.

Elizabeth, the fourth and youngest daughter, married Samuel Harris, as we have already seen. Her eldest daughter, my Aunt Sarah Knight, had ten children who grew up, of whom the seven sons reside in America, to which country they emigrated many years ago. Of these sons, Edward Henry, the fourth, has made some mark in the United States. He is a man of literary tastes and great mental power, which are shewn in the publication of a large and important scientific Dictionary and other works. He was selected by the United States Government as one of their commissioners at the International

Exhibition at Paris, in 1879, and, before leaving Paris, was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour by the French Government.

Benjamin Angell, the husband of Sarah Belch, came originally from Chippenham, in Wiltshire. The family were possessed of houses in the town, and an estate in the neighbourhood, of between 100 and 200 acres, which, as his only Brother died a bachelor, reverted eventually to him, and after his wife's death, became the property of my Aunt Sarah Knight and her family. Benjamin Angell settled in London, and became a chintz printer and dyer, by which he amassed a large fortune. Retiring from business, he purchased Gumley House and other property at Isleworth, near Brentford, and there resided for many years. He was a man of superior understanding and gentlemanly bearing, fond of reading and the society of intellectual men; but he was always consistent in his attachment to the body in which he was born and educated, and was what was then rather technically called "a plain Friend."

But his pretty and managing wife was not his equal in mental attainments, though of a lively temperament and brisk, active disposition. She was very small in person, with sharp, "petite" features, and thin, rather high pitched voice, if I may judge from my remembrance of her in her old age. She was extremely neat and elegant in her dress, which was strictly that of a Quaker, made principally of silken materials of delicate light colours; so that no one could see her and not be attracted to the little, lady-like figure. Her sleeves reached as far as the elbow only, with white plaited cuffs fastened by ornamental buttons, and long gloves; she wore high-heeled shoes, and sometimes in the house, a spotless white muslin apron. When I knew her, she always wore a small Friend's bonnet without

strings, indoors as well as out of doors, thinking, I believe, that it would counteract the deafness which afflicted her during the last years of her life.

Their large house with its long range of rooms, was kept in perfect order, and its old-fashioned furniture was in fine condition. The hall was paved in squares of black and white marble, with a wide, oaken, parquet staircase, and ceilings highly painted by (it was said) Sir Godfrey Kneller, representing scenes from the heathen mythology. Indeed the house had, in its former days, been the abode of some of our noble families. Built by a wealthy man named John Gumley, in the early part of the eighteenth century, his daughter inherited it from him, and through her marriage with a Marquis of Bath, it had passed into his hands. But of its history after that time till my great Uncle bought it we know nothing. The neighbourhood had changed, and the aristocratic families who resided there had moved to more courtly precincts, and Gumley House, as well as many others, lost its ancient prestige. Pleasure grounds of six acres surrounded it, laid out in one part as a shrubbery and plantation of trees, while in another were the vegetable gardens, and in the centre a considerable piece of water and green paddock. Sarah Angell did not, however, encourage much company, and they lived a secluded life, scarcely compatible with their dwelling and property.

Before Benjamin Angell had thought of marriage with Sarah Belch, he made an offer to another young lady, but tradition has not revealed to us who she was. As she lived at a distance, he, singularly enough, borrowed a horse from my great Grandmother to ride out for the purpose of making his proposal of marriage. On the day appointed he came to her house to fetch the horse, dressed in his best attire; and

Sarah, then a lively girl of nineteen or twenty, watched him depart on his errand of lovemaking, and, full of fun and merriment, in allusion to the way in which he had prepared himself for the expedition, turned to her sisters and said, "I hope he won't succeed." Succeed he did not ; but before very long he transferred his attentions to the mirthful Sarah, who accepted the rejected suitor, and they lived happily together for nearly fifty years.

As the Monthly Meetings which they attended were frequently held in towns at some distance, my Uncle and Aunt kept a carriage for some years, but she was so nervous and timid that she was afraid to ride much in it. They finally laid it down and made use of one of the "post chaises" then in vogue whenever they were obliged to go from home. Perhaps she may be excused for her nervousness when we remember how unsafe many of the highways of England were in those days, from the attacks of the robbers who infested their neighbourhood ; and as they were compelled to cross the notorious Hounslow Heath on these journeys, my Uncle and Aunt ran some risk of unpleasant adventures. To avoid them they were generally careful to travel over it while it was still daylight ; and for a long time they escaped molestation.

One evening, at the house of one of their friends at Uxbridge, the conversation turned upon the subject of highway robbery, with some speculation as to what they should do in case of attack. Soon after, they started on their homeward journey, a party of four in a closed carriage. When they reached the Heath and were driving across it, the post chaise in which they were riding was stopped, and immediately after, a man, with his face covered with black crape, appeared at each door of the carriage and demanded their money and watches. A "Friend," named Sarah Rudd, who was one of

the party, was so impressed with the conversation that had taken place before they set out, that when the robbers appeared at the doors, she cried out, "Here they are!" and immediately prepared to yield up her purse. My Uncle contrived to slip his watch down into his shoe, and thus saved it from the thieves, who searched the pockets of the party for money, and, having taken all that they could find, let the travellers pursue their further way. As they talked over the affair after, Sarah Rudd, who was a droll little woman, declared that the man who robbed her must be a *gentleman*, for he had such a soft hand! Very possibly he was one who held that position in life, for it was by no means an uncommon thing for unprincipled men, who ranked as country gentlemen, to add to their incomes by expeditions of this nature on the public roads.

My Aunt Angell lived to be ninety years old, but for the last three or four years of her life remained entirely in bed; extreme deafness made communication with her very difficult, and her mind lost much of its clearness and power. At the same time, there was, in some ways, a singular acuteness, which, at times, approached almost to a spirit of divination. This happened on many occasions, though, unfortunately, I am able to recall only a few, but they were notorious at the time. She had, as companion and caretaker a middle-aged "Friend" of a simple and not highly educated mind, a gentle, quiet person; and these communications would sometimes take place at night, when all was still, and the outer world entirely shut out. It happened, on one occasion, that my Uncle, George Knight was staying in the house, and all had retired to bed. In the middle of the night the old lady woke suddenly and exclaimed, "it's a very odd thing—a very odd thing indeed! I never heard of such a thing! people washing their feet in the middle of the

night!" Her attendant, unable to unravel her meaning, believed that her mind must be somewhat unhinged, and her thoughts in a wandering state, and on meeting George Knight at breakfast the next morning, she related the occurrence to him, saying that she knew not what her mistress could mean in the night, for she talked of people washing their feet in the middle of the night! "Well," said my Uncle, "it is a curious coincidence that I was very hot and could not sleep, and I did get out of bed and wash my feet!"

For the last few months of her life, our family lived in her house, and at one time, it chanced that we were expecting visitors for a few days. My old Aunt began, of her own accord, to talk of it, and to say that "people were coming, she did not know who;" and on my Mother expressing surprise, her attendant assured her that no one had informed her mistress of the circumstance, and as her deafness was so great, she could not hear what was going forward in the house.

A short time before her death, which took place after two or three days of increased illness, from paralysis, my Mother was sitting beside her, when the old lady began, in a disjointed way, to say to her, "It's all done;" and giving her hand to my Mother, she added, "take it, take it, and put it in a box—it's all done;" which were nearly the last conscious words she addressed to her before the seizure which terminated her life.

There was certainly something very strange in these instances of what some might call "second sight," and they happened sufficiently often for them to become a sort of by-word in the household. It was as if, when her deafness had cut her off from connection with the outer world, and her general powers were so much en-

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feebled, a subtle and spiritual influence existed, which communicated in some wonderful and unexplained manner with her inner life. I am not aware that she had been a person of great susceptibility, nor of high nervous organization; plain, straightforward common sense had been much more apparent in her character, and there was little to show that the sympathetic nature had been strongly developed in her mental system, so that no one would have singled her out for manifestations of a spiritual kind. But in looking back on her, as I recollect her to have been, coupled with this extraordinary faculty, I can now imagine the class of people, who, from time to time, have been denounced by their enemies as wizards or as witches, and subjected to the most cruel treatment at their hands; or in other cases elevated by the vulgar into the position of prophets and prophetesses under the homely epithets of "wise men," or "wise women." In the case of Sarah Angell, we may believe that a hint from her attendant of what was going on in the household, or even an occasional sharpening of her dulled senses, enabling her to hear the conversation that was passing round her, may have contributed to produce some of these strange coincidences, but with due allowance for these possibilities there yet remained a residuum which no explanation of that kind would solve.

I believe the Belch family is now extinct in the male line, the last of that name having died some years ago. If there are any persons now living, who are descended from the earlier branches of the family, the connection would be so remote as to have ceased long ago.

I come now to my dear Mother, the younger daughter of

Samuel and Elizabeth Harris, with the wish to give some idea, which shall represent her faithfully to her many immediate descendants, a few of whom may remember her, though to most of them she was personally unknown. I have already spoken of her sweet looks and charming appearance as a young girl, and of the striking pair that she and her husband were at the time of their marriage. Time, as it passed on, made her more attractive still, for it added to the grace of early youth the dignity and charms of a matron and mistress of a well ordered household ; though her health became delicate for some years and she was never very strong. She had been well educated for that period, and a literary taste had been implanted which she never lost, but, on the contrary, it was developed by much and varied reading ; her mind was highly cultivated and she conversed with readiness and ease on many of the subjects of the day. Her interest in politics was great, and, as a decided Liberal, she watched the progress of many important measures and took a warm part in the discussions that arose in connection with them. Foreign affairs, biography, travels and many other subjects were all interesting to her. She had lived through the period of the great wars of Napoleon, and she and my Father could tell us how the news of the great engagements which he fought, and of his other actions, was received in England, and how the very name of Bonaparte was dreaded and detested. All important information was, at that time, forwarded to the King at Windsor by express messengers ; and to insure its rapid transit relays of mounted soldiers were kept in readiness, who galloped, by stages of a few miles, at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour ; by which means the distance between London and Windsor Castle was quickly accomplished ; the bag con-

taining the despatches being handed on from one messenger to another to carry forward. My Father has told us that on one occasion he was riding from London himself, mounted on a good horse, when the soldier carrying the despatches came past him. Putting his own horse into a gallop, he was for a few minutes able to keep pace with the express, during which time the man told him the great news of the battle of Leipsic, which had just arrived, being the first check which the Emperor received in the campaign which led to his downfall, and which sent a thrill of gladness through all England, and much of Europe.

My Mother had eleven children, of whom three died in early life, two in infancy, and one, her eldest son, at six years of age. He died from the effects of an accident which he met with at our Grandmother's house in London, when he fell from a couch on the back of his head. No ill results were apparent at the time, but a small vessel was ruptured on the brain, which caused his death about six weeks after.

My Mother was a devoted wife, though perhaps a little exacting sometimes, owing doubtless to her unstable health ; she was also a tender Mother, and displayed great judgment in bringing up her children, over whom her solicitude and care were unceasing. She had great business capacity, which, unhappily, she was called on to exercise on her own behalf and that of her family, owing to the complicated and entangled state in which her affairs were left at my Father's death. Her clear legal perceptions, which entered into difficult questions almost with the skill of a lawyer, finally brought these trials to a close, and at length enabled her to settle down on the property she still retained, and to devote herself to the care of her children and the putting out in life of her sons, who were all very young when she became a

widow. All her children owe her a debt of deep gratitude for the way in which she bravely struggled for them, and kept them from sinking below the position in which she had moved, even when pecuniary circumstances were most adverse. She was a woman of much taste, and in the small house in which for some years she lived, she spread a refined and intellectual air over all her arrangements. We were encouraged in literary pursuits, and when, in the evening, her sons returned from the various occupations of their London life, it was to find their Mother ready and willing to participate in their amusements, or to enter into reading aloud, or to entertain their friends and guests. Her garden and her flowers were her congenial and especial care. Perhaps after the marriage of all her daughters and two of her sons her life was a little lonely, but as some of them were settled near, and three of her sons were still inmates of her home, she was never left alone for any considerable time; and her servants were devoted and attached.

My Mother possessed an amount of mental power and attainments, which rendered her an interesting and delightful companion, and which were combined with the womanly attributes which contribute to form a charming domestic character. She was gifted with much conversational power and nothing could exceed her gracious and dignified bearing as hostess in her own house. If her reluctance to part from her children on their marriage, and her desire to keep them always as residents under her own roof, almost amounted to a weakness, yet when, as years went on, they gathered round her on the Christmas anniversaries, and grandchildren were added to the increasing family circle, how great was the pleasure with which she received them all to her warm maternal heart, and presided at the head of her table, where

not one of her children or children-in-law was absent. She was peculiarly happy, too, in the additions which were made by marriage to her domestic relations. Her sons-in-law, and especially the wives of her sons, became true members of her family, and by their constant attention and affectionate care rendered her life more happy ; while the advent of grandchildren and the brightness of their young child-life brought fresh interests into her pleasant home ; all which she appreciated and loved.

Her two sisters-in-law lived at no great distance, and they kept up free and constant intercourse. They had been intimate friends from childhood, and their thoughts and recollections extended over the same period of time and were of the same persons and places.

More especially did great congeniality exist between my Mother and my Aunt Hannah Allen. My Aunt was the senior by some years, and her health was failing much, when my Mother's unexpectedly gave way under a malady which terminated fatally. Once or twice during the illness did my Aunt visit her beloved Sister, and when all was over, she came with much difficulty once more to look on the long loved face, saying to me, as she stood beside the silent form, " Ah, I little thought that *she* would be the first to go, and that *I* should live to mourn for *her* ! Thus terminates our friendship of seventy years ! "

I have said that the illness of my dear Mother came on unexpectedly. I have also said that her health was never strong ; and perhaps the knowledge that it was frail and somewhat delicate may have blinded us to the fact, that, during the winter of 1861, she was certainly more ailing than usual ; which we may have attributed to a cold, or perhaps the weather was considered to be the cause of her want of strength.

But, on looking back, I can now see that she was far from well. I was with her in the early part of the year 1862, and when I left her to return home her parting from me was sad and sorrowful ; still we were not then alarmed. But as the Spring came on, her want of power and general debility became more apparent, and, to use the expression of my brother Frederic, in a letter to myself, "her strength seemed to be sadly slipping from her," though from no very clear or defined cause. It was hoped that she would revive when the weather became warmer, and that she might be able to join in one of the many seaside excursions that we had been accustomed to make together. But in May the accounts became more serious, and I heard, first, that she had not come down stairs as usual ; then, that she was remaining in bed for part of the day, also that my brother-in-law, Joseph John Fox, believed her malady to be connected with the heart. Anxious and grieved at these reports I decided to go to London to see her, and found her more ill than I had even expected—in fact, that her state had become critical and very grave ; requiring careful nursing and care by night as well as by day.

By an unhappy combination of circumstances, all her daughters were precluded from taking much part in the nursing or from being constantly with her. The health of two of them was precarious, and the large family of the one who lived at a distance prevented her from leaving them long. But in this emergency a kind and intimate friend of the family, who was much attached to the dear invalid, proffered her valuable assistance, and Sophia Harrison became my Mother's unwearying helper and care-taker, assisted by a trained and efficient nurse during the latter part of the illness.

From this time there never was even a temporary rally, but on the contrary, a steady decline in every way. Further ad-

vice from a physician confirmed J. J. Fox in his opinion that the heart was the seat of the disease and that it was beyond the reach of remedies. Our dear Mother suffered often from great distress and weakness, and her sleep was fitful and disturbed. It was not certain that she was aware of her critical condition, though she sometimes alluded to it ; but her sensitive nerves, and the sorrow that we knew she would feel in the prospect of leaving us all, made us unwilling to speak to her much of the serious nature of her illness. Her mind had always been of so transparent a nature, and so open and confiding was her disposition, that we, who had known her so closely all our lives, felt that the expression of much on the bed of death was not needed to assure us that she was ready for her summons, though her warm love for us made her shrink from the thoughts of parting.

Once, on awaking more comfortable than usual, my Mother asked me whether it would be right for her to appropriate to herself the text " And so He giveth His beloved sleep ? " adding that she had had refreshing sleep that morning. I told her in reply, that she might indeed most truly apply to herself the comfort to be found from it, after which she lay in a state of calm repose.

During the last few days it was sad to see that her mind gradually lost its brightness in consequence of the progress of disease, and became at times clouded. On one occasion, when an old and valued friend of many years, who had formerly lived in her family as nurse, was sitting by her, she suddenly exclaimed " Charles ! Charles ! " " I am here, Mother," replied her eldest son, who was present, and who came to the bedside and stood waiting for her to speak. But she looked beyond him, and said " I do not mean that—I want *Charles*." It was then apparent to the watchers that her thoughts had

gone back to her early married life, passing over the many intervening years till she believed her husband to be present with her ; for she talked to him for some time as if they were once again the young husband and wife at Coggeshall, when the friend who sat beside her had been an inmate of their family ; and deeply affecting was it to them both to note this recurrence to a time which had so long been past.

While thus tenderly cared for and assiduously nursed, the days of our beloved Mother drew to a close, and early in the morning of the 29th June, 1862, she peacefully breathed her last. Her devoted friend, Sophia Harrison, and the nurse were with her, and saw that her breathing and her look had changed ; my Brothers were at once summoned, but they only reached the room in time to witness her last moments ; a few gentle sighs and all was over. The flowers in her garden were in their summer beauty, and tender and loving hands placed them in profusion round the dear form of her who had loved them so well.

We laid her in the grave-yard at Stoke Newington, where some of the family were already buried, and to which her two sisters-in-law have since been taken. All her sons and daughters, with but one exception from illness, assembled on that day for the last time in the house where she had so often received us, and many of her friends also paid her the last mark of regard and love. Many years have passed since then, and in her grave now rests a much loved Grandson, my own precious Son, John Player Sturge. In her arms he was received at his birth, with love and rejoicing, and one tomb holds them now.

An investigation afterwards revealed the cause of death, which was Aneurism of the Aorta, or great artery of the heart. It had probably been of some considerable standing, though it

developed somewhat rapidly at last. It proved that the opinion formed by J. J. Fox had been correct. We also felt a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that no further remedies could have been used nor have been of any avail.

And here my Records must close, for I purpose not to enter into a description of the lives or characters of the living. I have had but one object in view :—to take notice of some of those who have gone before and who belong equally to us all. From this point our lives diverge and we have become linked with other families who are in no respect connected with each other, unless in far off and remote degrees.

In placing these scattered histories together and transcribing particulars, many of which may seem unimportant, I have set down nothing but what I clearly remember, either from the relation of credible persons or from my own experience. Where I had but a hazy or imperfect knowledge I have rejected it altogether or have given it as mere rumour or tradition.

Perhaps some who read this volume may think that I have collected into one focus too many narratives and incidents for them to have really happened, and that my own imagination is responsible for some of them ; but let such recollect that the space over which they spread in action was a long one, embracing more years in number than the pages on which they are written ; also that several family histories have converged before our own time was reached. After all, it is but little that I have been able to relate, and that little is of small value to any but the immediate actors. Of the real characters of most of those of whom I have written I know scarcely anything, and it is only some trait which is shown here and there, or some circumstance connected

with their lives which has been handed down to us, that enables us to judge of them at all. This record is a mere skeleton sketch ; no materials exist by which it can be filled up so as to present a living picture, and few letters have been preserved to elucidate their lives and show us what they were. If I have been able to present even a slight memoir for the perusal of the younger generation, who but for it would know little or nothing of their immediate ancestors ; and if some of us who still live and have personally known any of those whose names are here set down find interest in the relation, however small, all that I wish for will have been accomplished ; and I shall be repaid for having endeavoured, in this feeble manner, to rescue from entire oblivion the memory of our worthy and excellent forerunners. I may say, I hope, with truth and a feeling of satisfaction, that there was found among them little of the vicious and shaded side of life. I know that, as a whole, they were a virtuous and God fearing people, leading peaceful and honourable lives, and doing their duty to God and their fellowmen.

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned or rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The Son of Parents passed into the skies.”

COWPER.

THE END.



John
Allen,
b. 1659?
ob. 1759?

Mary
Allen,
b. 1661
ob. 1663.

b.

Charlotte = William Sturge,
b. 1817,
m. 1846,
ob. of Bristol,
b. 1820.

John
b. 1818,
ob. 1825.

Sa
b.
ob.

Emily
b. 1847.

Margaret =
b. 1848,
m. 1877.

Francis
Goodbody,
b. 1852.

Elizabeth,
b. 1849.

William Allen,
M.D., London,
b. 1850,
m. 1877.

Emily
Bovell, Ch.
M.D., Paris.
b.

Emma
Louise,
b. 1877.

Frederick Allen
Sturge,
b. 1879.

Lionel William
Sturge,
b. 1881.

